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THE NEW SHAH OF PERSIA, HIS MAJESTY MUZAFFER-ED-DIN.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Whether Mr. Milsom's "confession" as regards his friend Mr. Fowler turns out to be to his own advantage or not, it should certainly be a lesson to those mealy-mouthed philanthropists who patronise the habitual criminal. The poet who tells us—

When the enterprising burglar is not burgling,
When the felon is not occupied with crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling,
And listen to the early village chime,

we may now know for certain took a too rose-coloured view of his clients. In their hours of ease they are just as brutal as during the performance of their professional engagements. If Mr. Milsom's friend did not take his own pleasures sadly, he made those who shared them very uncomfortable. When in liquor, in fact, he became exceedingly morose, and was always violent with the object of his affections, "knocking her over several times." No doubt there is little extenuation in this brief biography, and something may even be set down in malice; but the general view of the cracksman's character as painted by his "pal" is presumably correct. A more kindly hearted man than Charles Dickens, or one more prompt to make allowance for his fellow-creatures, never put pen to paper, but in drawing his housebreaker he rightly denied him the redeeming traits that he gave to Nancy. Mr. Henry Fowler, as depicted by his biographer, bears a very strong likeness to Mr. William Sikes. One feels quite a relief that he did not go abroad, as proposed, since his manners would probably have done little or nothing to restore the popularity of our countrymen on the Continent. Those persons who imagine that the nature of the habitual criminal can be ameliorated by the companionship of a canary, or the sowing his mother's name on flannel in mustard and cress, would do well to study Mr. Milsom's graphic sketch of his "friend and pardner."

We were lately told that a new order of knighthood was to be created. One was curious to know for what particular merit this was to be conferred, and I ran through my virtues—a long business, like the race from Marathon—but without coming to any satisfactory conclusion. Still, a knighthood for deserving persons who cannot kneel—Companions of the Bath Chair—would have been a pleasing novelty. In the meantime one had to be content with rumours. It was taken for granted that the distinction was to be connected with literature, quite a considerable number of its professors being still without any prefix of honour. Some say that it was to be reserved for writers who had not left biographies to appear after their decease; others, that it would be given to authors who had committed plagiarism and confessed to it; others, that it would be granted to persons who had never written anything at all. None of these creations would have made the title too common. Some, however, asserted that it would only be bestowed on those who had written something and resisted the temptation of publishing it. This would have been limiting the distinction indeed; the R.V.O.s would have been less numerous than the Knights of the Garter. Vain dreams! for it now appears that literature (to use a sporting phrase) is "not in it."

Invisible photography was bound to go on, but the celerity of its movements is remarkable. It seems only the other day that it modestly began its career by investigating our bones; next it took note of our insides, placing with accuracy the swallowed shilling, or marking the direction taken by the packet of needles; and then it cast its light upon the brain, in some cases demonstrating its existence to the surprise of all beholders. Its latest step is a stride indeed: "The photographer obtains on a sensitised plate an impression of luminous waves emanating from the brain, and they tell him of what the victim is thinking." If this be true, there will not be many people who will patronise the photographers. The dentists tell us that patients are often very particular in their inquiries about the effect of gas. "I suppose," they remark, with a very poor imitation of indifference, "one says foolish things sometimes," by which they mean things that would be very foolish to disclose to other people. With one's jaw propped up with a bit of wood, conversation is highly improbable, but we like to feel our little secrets will be safe in our own bosoms. A thought-reader does not frighten one much, for we are pretty well convinced that he knows only just as much as we choose to tell him, and at all events we are very particular when subject to his attentions to think about nothing that can do us discredit; but everybody who has had his portrait taken is aware that after a little while his thoughts become uncontrollably bad: first we grow impatient with the artist and wish him a good way further off, and then we begin to be wicked, so to speak, at large.

Invisible photography is at present a protracted operation, and affords time enough for quite a career of imaginary crime. The prophet Mohammed upset his jug, you remember, before he dreamt his vision of the seventh heaven, and when it was over, though it afterwards padded out to twenty volumes, the water was not all spilt. Still, we need not submit to the Röntgen process unless we like. The real danger will arise when

Science (confound her!) has perfected the invention, and snap-shots can be taken with it; there will be no harm in that if you are aware of it, and the ancient offer of "a penny for your thoughts" will doubtless be realised by an automatic pillar at the railway-stations; but suppose you are not aware of it! We talk of having "the ball at our feet," to express an advantageous position, but the possessor of a Röntgen kodak would have the whole world there. He would know as the jockey takes his preparatory canter up the course if he means to lose the race; what is the promoter's real opinion of his well-puffed company; whether the Beloved Object means her "no" to be final or contingent, and how many sheep and oxen (so to speak) her papa really expects to be given for her. This sort of inquisitiveness will be intolerable; it is one thing to look into our bones, and quite another to disclose the skeleton in our closet.

The very large deputation of the friends of street-music who made their protest the other day against Mr. Jacoby's Bill would have made a much fairer impression on the Minister if they had brought their instruments with them. That the Bill may interfere with their means of living may, unfortunately, be the case; but the question that Parliament has to consider is what they do for their living, and how far it interferes with the comfort of other people. However, it is satisfactory to remark that the organ-grinders had no representative among them, for if their case is given up three-fourths of the nuisance complained of is done away with. A band is never quite so discordant as a hurdy-gurdy, and its members are always more amenable to protest: they do not shake their heads and show their teeth and go on playing when you tell them to go away. It appears from a recent decision in a police-court that organists have a right to inquire a householder's reason for their dismissal: the exact nature of the book he is writing which their noise interrupts, or the particular complaint of the sick relative who wants to sleep. It is pleasant to know that these aliens interest themselves in such matters; but it would be better still if they acted on the information afforded them. The other street-musicians number in all, we are told, no less than 100,000 persons, "95 per cent. of whom are English." If this be so, the skill with which they get themselves up to look like Teutons, and their facility in acquiring the German language, are in the highest degree commendable.

Whatever may be thought of opening museums on a Sunday, it is certain that it will be good for the museums, if attendance is what is wanted. Folks will go to a museum on Sunday because no other place of recreation is open to them. But it is foolish to take it for granted that museums are popular—partly, however, it must be admitted, because there is no attempt to make them so. What an unintelligible maze, for example, to nine-tenths of its visitors is the British Museum! How bald and ineffectual are its guide-books! How few are the attendants who are capable—or, at all events, desirous—of imparting the necessary information! This is shown by the way in which a crowd immediately gathers round some visitor who, better instructed than his neighbours, is imparting information to his child. A recent criticism made by a Londoner on leaving this institution, and who wanted, perhaps, to get away from a country cousin, "When you have seen one room you have seen all," may have seemed rather rough on the British Museum, but it is the impression made on a good many people; all they do is jumbled up together in their minds and forms a sort of educational chaos. Some persons who even come with a definite object have been known to be disappointed. A friend of mine took his little boy there the other day at his own earnest solicitation to see the Elgin Marbles. When he beheld them the child burst into tears: "Why, after all," he sobbed, "one can't play with them." He had thought they were a species of "alley tors," such as Mrs. Bardell's son delighted in. The word "marbles" had misled him. I was similarly very disappointed, I remember, as a small boy, with "The Arabian Nights," which I had thought were spelt with a K, and would have resembled "The Seven Champions of Christendom."

The general notion that everything, but especially literature, is much cheaper than it used to be, as an intelligent correspondent points out to me, is, at all events, by no means the case with pocket-books, a specimen of which for 1839 he is so good as to send me. Of course modern ones are far more artistic to look at, and contain a much larger amount of information; but they have no long stories in them by eminent authors, nor poetry by well-known bards, as in this case. In addition to this excellent reading there are some illustrations, by no means excellent, and having, if possible, still less connection with "a pocket-book and almanac," of various country seats. These latter, it is not uncharitable to suppose, were on the publisher's hands, and not being capable of being "written up to" by contributors as in the albums or Books of Beauty of the time, were thus made useful. The wonder is how the letterpress—which, by the way, must have left very little space for the memoranda and engagements of our forefathers—could have been produced so cheaply, since the copyright was not expired. There are, first, some comic poems without the author's name, but which it seems pretty certain are Thomas Hood's. I do

not remember them in any collection of his works; but he wrote a great quantity of humorous verse, and though these are inferior to his better-known productions, it is difficult to assign them to any other hand. The whole poem, "My Grenadier," reads like a faint echo of "Ben Battle"—

When first I saw my Grenadier,
And ran away from home,
In tears I left my Granny dear,
A soldier's wife to roam.

For he was handsome; when he smiled
I own I loved him rather.
He said I was my father's child,
Now he is my child's father.

Ah! once he used to shoulder arms,
No red-coat ever bolder;
But now he's got, through war's alarms,
But one arm left to shoulder.

But still he is my Grenadier,
And still I am his Fanny:
I wish I still loved him as dear
As once I loved dear Granny.

Next we have "The Tuggs at Ramsgate," from that interesting work "The Library of Fiction." How strange this title sounds to ears that have so long been used to "Sketches by Boz"! It is scarcely possible that permission could have been given to print one of these sketches gratuitously just after the heavy ransom (£2000) had been paid by the author to get them out of the hands of Macrone. Moreover, there are two illustrations to "The Tuggs" by Onwhyn. At the end of the pocket-book there is a story by Douglas Jerrold, with another illustration. This seems upon the whole, especially considering the immense popularity of Dickens, who was in 1839 writing "Nicholas Nickleby," an extremely cheap shilling's-worth. The pathos of the book is accidental, and lies in the "engagements" (whether kept or not is now of no matter) and in the "memoranda," which have now no meaning for anybody. In all probability the unknown hands that wrote them have long been dust, and have no more need of an earthly calendar. Fifty-seven years—supposing the original owner of the work was an adult—would almost certainly make earth of him, or, if not that, would bring down his state of intelligence, however high, to the level of childhood.

Novelists have more than once tried their hands at depicting the inhabitants of a single locality. There are advantages in this limited horizon, since the same characters can be introduced into the different tales, where they play now a chief and now an inferior part, without the trouble of a fresh introduction. "Our Village," by Miss Mitford, is perhaps the best-known example of this kind of story. In later years we have had a delightful illustration of it in Mrs. Oliphant's "Neighbours on the Green," who before we have finished the book appear to be *our* neighbours. A less meritorious work, but still a good one on the same lines, is the "Johnny Ludlow" series by the late Mrs. Wood. Now Miss Sergeant has tried her hand on the same sort of materials, and with considerable success. Their title of "Told in the Twilight" is inappropriate, as they are not at all eerie productions, and may just as well be read after luncheon as at dusk, but they will agreeably while away an hour at any time. The first is perhaps the best—"Lady Airedale's Last Visitor." Her Ladyship is lying dead, and all unconscious of it, her first husband has come from America, very prosperous, "just to see her and ask her if I could do anything for her or her children, and then—scoot!" She thought he had died long ago, and as he had been away for seven years, he thought she had had a right to marry, and had not the least idea of the different view of the English law, or of the shame and grief he was bringing into Lord Airedale's household. Lord Silvertown, who is engaged to be married to one of the daughters, exclaims, "When she is my wife, Sir—as I hope she will be directly—if ever I hear a word of this from any man, I'll horsewhip him first and shoot him afterwards." He asks the American hotly what steps he means to take—

Brambleby looked at him in silence for a moment in a sadness not without dignity. "I'll thank you to let go of my arm, young man," he said. "I don't know what you mean by steps. I'm just going straight back to America. I had no intention of causing trouble in the family, least of all to the pretty girl I saw in the garden just now, though she might have treated me a bit more civil. But she's just like Aminty, as my Lord can tell you if he likes. I didn't rightly know that my being alive would make such a difference to Aminty's gals. I meant just to say to her, 'Wal, Aminty, I'm glad you've done so well for yourself, and I hope the British aristocrats behave polite to you. If there's anything you want doing just let me know and I'll do it.' And then I should have taken myself off without a word to his Lordship unless I'd been asked to stay, reg'lar, as a friend of the family. I shall hold my tongue, never you fear."

Both the old and the young Lord (and, I may add, the author, for authors have often absurd scruples on such points, and love to leave their characters "in holes") take sensible and commonplace views of the situation; and the little matter of illegitimacy (which nobody knows) is amply compensated for by the £50,000 left by Mr. Brambleby to each of his wife's daughters. The "limited horizon" class of novel, if properly written, as in this instance, is distinctly attractive: in one case I have known the members of a single household, from the kitchen to the drawing-room, taken to form the *dramatis personæ* of a novel; but this, of course, demands in the writer a very various knowledge of human nature.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

ASSASSINATION OF
THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

The hand of the assassin has cut short the elaborate preparations which were being made for the celebration of the approaching jubilee of the Shah of Persia. On the afternoon of May 1 his Majesty, accompanied by the Grand Vizier and several members of his retinue, was entering the inner court of the shrine of Shah Abdul Azim, six miles distant from Teheran, when a man suddenly sprang in front of him and fired a revolver point-blank at his heart, with such fatal effect that his Majesty expired soon after he had been conveyed back to the Palace at Teheran. The news of the Shah's tragic end excited profound regret and sympathy in the European countries where he made himself popular in the course of his travels, and the end of his strong and eminently beneficent rule has added a fresh political anxiety to a European situation already fraught with difficulties.

Nâsr-ed-Din, whose reign of forty-eight years has been thus summarily ended, was born in 1829, and in 1848 succeeded his father, Mohammed Shah, as the fourth ruler of the Kajar dynasty, of Turkish blood, which was established on the throne of Persia in the person of Agha Mohammed in 1794, after a protracted civil war. The official title of the Shahs of Persia is "Shâhînshâh" or "King of Kings," and their rule is absolutely supreme throughout their realm, the lives and possessions of their subjects and the public revenues of the country being all alike at their command. It is to the credit of the late Shah that he used the vast power which his position gave him with wisdom and benevolence. The persistency of his desire for the progress and development of his country was, indeed, remarkable in an Oriental potentate. To great natural ability and intelligence he added, by study and travel, a knowledge of foreign forms of civilisation and a perception of their advantages which enabled him to do much for the social improvement of his subjects and the enlargement of their interests. The local misrule which had obtained under his predecessors was done away with soon after his accession to power, and his strong administration of government under his own central authority raised Persia from misery and insignificance to comfort and importance.

The late Shah's relations with foreign Powers were not markedly eventful. When the war between Russia and Turkey broke out in 1853, he remained neutral, but subsequently made a treaty with Russia. The occupation of Herat by Russian and Persian troops led the Government of India to declare war against the Shah, but after a few months peace was restored on terms most satisfactory to England. A friendly relationship between Persia and England was strengthened by the late Shah's visits to this country in 1873 and 1889, when he became quite a celebrity with the British public.

The late Shah's assassin, who was promptly arrested, is one Mirza Mahomed Reza, a follower of Djemal-ed-Din, the Afghan who played a prominent part against British

authority in Egypt at the time of the Arabi Pasha disturbances, and has since been banished from Persia on account of his revolutionary agitations. Mahomed Reza has more than once been imprisoned for his treasonable conduct, but has latterly been living on a pension granted him by the clemency of the late Shah. He has made statements implicating several other persons in his crime.

Up to the present time no serious disturbances have arisen out of the catastrophe of the Shah's death, although great excitement has



THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA, HIS MAJESTY NÂSR-ED-DIN.
ASSASSINATED MAY 1.

prevailed at Shiraz and elsewhere. The late Shah's second son, Muzafer-ed-Din, has been enthroned at Tabriz, and the news of his accession seems to have been received with general approval. The retention of Amin-es-Sultan in the office of Grand Vizier, which he held under the late Shah, has given satisfaction.

The new Shah was recognised by Great Britain and Russia as "Vali-Ahd," or Heir-Apparent, in 1858. He is now forty-three years of age, and, as heir to the throne, has been Governor-General of the important province of Azerbaijan, which supplies the chief military forces of Persia. His rule in this district has been very popular. He is a tall, strongly built man, and a keen sportsman. He has a knowledge of European politics, which, though not so extensive as was his father's, promises well for his government.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS
DONGOLA.

The reconstruction or completion of the Khedive's old unfinished line of railway at Sarras, on the banks of the Nile above Wady Halfa, has much facilitated the conveyance of Egyptian troops and stores to the more advanced military posts, avoiding the difficult and perilous navigation of the river at that part where the rocks, and the series of rapids called "the Second Cataract," impede the passage even of sailing-barges light in draught, and make it scarcely practicable for steamers. Our Special Artist's sketch of the train running upon modern iron rails through this rocky gateway of the Nubian Desert, with the fortified camp of the soldiers, on the adjacent rising ground, protecting a road which no Dervish or Mahdist enemy will venture to dispute with them, and which is far remote from the scene of expected actual warfare, shows that the conquering power of civilisation, in the steps it is now taking, means to hold its ground, whence it may soon advance to Dongola, to Berber, and ultimately to Khartoum. The first fight near Akasheh, the farthest station yet occupied by the troops under command of Sir H. Kitchener, took place on Friday, May 1, when a hostile force of 250 horsemen and camel-riders, with a thousand men on foot, approaching within four miles of that station, was repulsed by Major Burn-Murdoch, with three squadrons of cavalry, the 11th Soudanese battalion of infantry acting in support. The action was riskily and vigorously maintained in spite of the extreme heat, which was shown by the thermometer to be 116 deg. in the shade, and was probably 150 deg. on the open ground exposed to the sun. The enemy were defeated and dispersed with considerable loss. Captain H. G. Fitton was slightly wounded, and six or seven of the Egyptian soldiery were also wounded, but none were killed on their side.

THE AMATEUR ART EXHIBITION.

The annual Amateur Art Exhibition, under the presidency of the Hon. Mrs. William Lowther, will be open from May 11 till May 16, at 1, Belgrave Square, by permission of Mr. Reuben Sassoon. It contains pictures and

sculptures from last year's Paris exhibition of the "Société des Artistes Amateurs"; works of English portrait-painters and miniature-painters of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century, especially of H. Edridge, A.R.A., including portraits of the royal family in George the Third's reign, lent from Windsor by the Queen; and pictures and drawings by their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and many ladies of rank. A collection of some eighty water-colour drawings by the late Rev. Charlton Lane, formerly Rector of Little Gaddesden, Herts, will be found to be distinguished by a delicate charm and true artistic feeling often finely expressed. Among the other features of the exhibition will be collections of jewellery, gold and silver, artistic cut-glass, lacquer-work, embroidery, and other decorative art. This loan exhibition has been organised by the Countess of Romney, the Hon. Mrs. Mure, Lady E. Cust, and other ladies, to benefit the funds of the Parochial Women's Association, the East London Nursing Society, and the Recreation-rooms of the East London Girls' Friendly Society. A special department, arranged and superintended by Mr. F. Maxwell Lyte, is the sale of water-colour drawings, given by many artists and accomplished amateurs for the charitable object.



SEA-PIECE PAINTED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Exhibited at the Annual Amateur Art Exhibition, at 1, Belgrave Square.



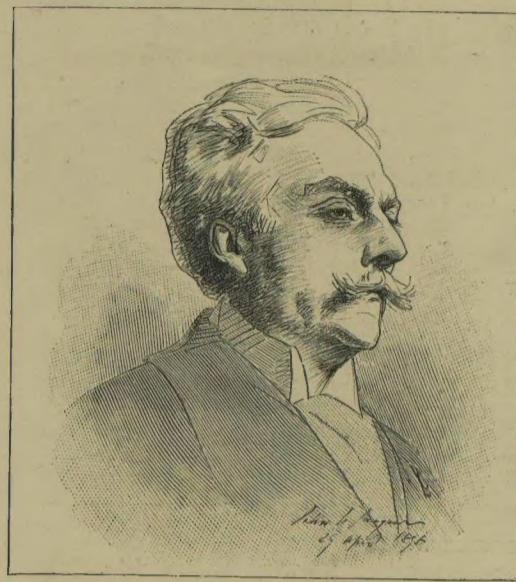
THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THE FORTIFIED CAMP AT SARRAS, CROWNING A HILL ON THE BANK OF THE NILE.

IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE TRAIN FROM WADY HALFA WITH STORES. THERE IS ALWAYS AN ARMED ESCORT TRAVELLING WITH THIS TRAIN.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Steppings Wright.

PERSONAL.

M. Gabriel Fauré, who was born in the Basses Pyrénées in the year 1847, now holds a high position in the world of modern music, and is *Maître de Chapelle* of the Madeleine in Paris. All his music is distinguished by the greatest delicacy and refinement, combined with a force and originality which would seem more like modern German music than that of the French school. He has written various works for the pianoforte, including nocturnes, barcarolles, and impromptus; also many charming choruses and vocal quartets, the best known



M. FAURÉ.
Sketched by J. S. Sargent, A.R.A.

of which is doubtless the "Pavane," recently performed at the Paris Opera House with orchestra and chorus; while among his most popular songs are "Les Roses d'Ispahan," "Les Berceaux," and "Clair de Lune." This week music-lovers have had a feast of Fauré. On Wednesday night was Signor Visetti's concert—a magnificent programme with only Fauré music, and the composer himself as conductor; on Thursday Messrs. Metzler gave a private concert; on Friday Mr. David Bispham had a concert in his honour, when some of Mrs. Adela Maddison's beautiful songs were also in the programme; and on Saturday afternoon, at a *Melody* Concert at the St. James's Hall, the "Pavane" and other favourite pieces were given.

The interest of the Canadian political situation has been much increased by the announcement of the strong Cabinet which Sir Charles Tupper has formed round him in view of the coming general election. Sir Charles is himself the chief living exponent of the policy which Sir John Macdonald bequeathed to Canada, and there is, therefore, a peculiar fitness in the accession to Cabinet rank of the only son of the founder of Canadian unity, Mr. Hugh Macdonald, who, though a lawyer at Winnipeg, has served his apprenticeship in federal politics at Ottawa. Another new Minister, Mr. Taillon, has won a high reputation in the money markets of London and Paris as well as in Canada itself by his prudent administration of French Canada after the disastrous Mercier régime. He now steps down from the Premiership of Quebec and becomes a member of the federal Cabinet. Mr. Angers is the third new Minister, and he has held the high position of Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. He left the last Cabinet because he thought Sir Mackenzie Bowell and his Government were not strong enough supporters of separate schools for the Catholic minority of Manitoba. His return to the Ministry now means that this school question is to be the central feature of the general election in June.

It is rarely that servants of the Crown are called upon to explain that they have not engaged in enterprises which are said to be contrary to its honour. Lord Loch denied in the House of Lords that in 1894 he proposed the invasion of the Transvaal to the High Commissioner. Sir Hercules Robinson has telegraphed to Mr. Chamberlain an indignant denial of the statement that he was privy to Dr. Jameson's raid. Mr. Rhodes appears, from the cipher telegrams published at Pretoria, to have been a party to the organisation of force against the South African Republic, though it can be easily believed that he knew nothing of the actual raid, which was premature even in the judgment of the Reform Committee at Johannesburg.

Mr. Chamberlain had to deal in the House of Commons with several crucial questions arising out of these revelations. He was asked to state the course which the Government intend to pursue with regard to the Chartered Company. The answer was postponed, and at the time we write it is impossible to say what will be the upshot. The House has passed the second reading of the Finance Bill after an entertaining debate on an amendment proposed by Mr. Lough, who wanted to reduce the contribution of Ireland to the Imperial Exchequer. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach suggested that, according to Mr. Lough, whisky and tobacco were luxuries in England and necessities of life in Ireland. The Chancellor of the Exchequer committed himself to the doubtful proposition that when people are well fed the money they spend on tobacco is so much waste.

The inaugural banquet of the Hôtel Cecil was a noteworthy occasion. It gave opportunity for a very careful inspection of what is probably the most magnificent hotel in the world, and is actually the largest hotel which is open all the year round, it being surpassed only by two season-hotels in America. Possibly the Auditorium at Chicago has certain features of greater impressiveness—the theatre, for example, and the dining-room on the tenth floor—but certainly the Cecil is the most handsomely

furnished of all the large hotels. For this Messrs. Maple and Messrs. Waring are responsible, and some of the handsome dining-room furniture of the former firm and some of the exquisite bed-room furniture of the latter have probably never been in any way approached in an hotel on so large a scale. The effect throughout all the rooms is surpassingly lovely. There are the most dainty combinations of enamelling and wall-papers, and Aspinall would seem to have had no small share in adding to the delightful effect.

The dinner that took place on the occasion of the opening on May 4 was attended by a number of well-known men. Some seventy journalists were brought over from Paris by a special train and taken back the next day. The President of the French Republic was, in consequence, toasted after our own royal family, and the "Marseillaise" was sung in succession to "God Save the Queen." Lord Claude Hamilton and Mr. Justin McCarthy made very neat speeches, and the whole arrangements were conducted with an amount of spirit which argues well for the success of the mighty palace on the Thames Embankment.

The appointment of Princess Beatrice as Governor of the Isle of Wight recalls the vigorous administration of the Isle of Man by a lady rather more than two centuries ago. That was a time of civil strife, and it is not likely that Princess Beatrice will have similar responsibilities.

The assassin of the late Shah belonged to the secret society of the "Babs," a Persian sect founded early in the century by a visionary who preached a religion of universal love and peace. This Persian Tolstoi died a violent death, and his followers have responded to persecution in a manner scarcely consistent with his principles.

While the death of Baron Hirsch was still a recent occurrence, another well-known millionaire has passed away in the person of Colonel North, who died suddenly, of an apoplectic seizure, at his office in the City, on Tuesday last. Colonel North was a native of Leeds, of humble origin, and became an engineer at the works of Messrs. John Fowler and Co. Close on forty years ago he went out to Chili as a working engineer, but, thanks to his native enterprise and shrewd judgment, was soon carrying on a nitrate business of his own. He found his great opportunity and won his *sobriquet* of "The Nitrate King," in the war between Chili and Peru, which, with its attendant panic, enabled him to buy up nitrate bonds which eventually brought him a fortune. Since then Colonel North's name has been one to conjure with in the financial world. His wealth begot wealth, and he was prominently connected with one big scheme after another. But his energies were not confined to the City, for he became a popular personality in society and entertained on a princely scale at his sumptuous house at Eltham. Colonel North was also a well-known patron of the Turf, and will be long remembered in sporting circles as the owner of Fullerton, the great Waterloo Cup winner, and Nunthorpe, of City and Suburban fame, and for the genial interest which he took in all forms of sport. At the last General Election Colonel North contested West Leeds against Mr. Herbert Gladstone, but without success. He was a man of fine generosity, as his native town can



THE LATE COLONEL J. T. NORTH.

testify by pointing to Kirkstall Abbey, which he bestowed upon it as a gift, enriched with pleasure-gardens. Many another charity fared well at his hands, and among the numerous friends who mourn his loss will be not a few speculators less fortunate than himself, to whom he rendered kindly aid.

The International Sleeping Car Company announces the first departure of the Nord Express from Charing Cross to Berlin and St. Petersburg direct for May 9 and every Saturday following. The train which starts from Ostend is composed of the International Sleeping Car Company's sleeping, saloon, and restaurant cars, with the necessary kitchen, mail, and Customs' baggage-cars. Baggage will be registered through to destination, and examined on the train en route. The speed of the new train will be exceptionally fast. Places must be reserved in advance, and all tickets obtained at the offices of the International Sleeping Car Company, 14, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, in very good health, accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and by Princess Beatrice with her children, on their return to Nice, landed from the royal yacht, having crossed the Channel from Cherbourg, at Portsmouth Dock-yard, on Friday evening, May 1, and arrived at Windsor Castle at eight o'clock. Prince Christian next morning visited her Majesty, and took his wife and daughter home to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday went to visit the Earl and Countess of Warwick, at Warwick Castle. On Monday his Royal Highness and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were at Windsor with the Queen. The Prince visited Guy's Hospital on Tuesday.

The Duke and Duchess of York, on Tuesday, at Copenhagen, assisted at the marriage of Princess Louise of Denmark to Prince Frederick of Schaumburg-Lippe.

Ministers held Cabinet Councils on Saturday and Tuesday at the Foreign Office.

Lord Salisbury, on Wednesday, April 29, made a political speech at Covent Garden Opera House to the Grand Habitation of the Primrose League; and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, next evening, spoke at the Birmingham Liberal Unionist Association.

The French Government demand for the extradition by our Government of Dr. Cornelius Herz, on a criminal charge of having in Paris obtained money by threats in connection with Baron Reinach and the Panama Canal scheme, has been rejected. Sir John Bridge, the Bow Street magistrate, who had examined the case in a bedroom of the hotel at Bournemouth where Dr. Herz has lain hopelessly ill during many months, decided on Saturday that there was not evidence for trial.

In the Court of Queen's Bench on Monday, Mr. Justice Hawkins, with a special jury, tried an action for libel brought by Messrs. Trollope and Sons, builders, against the officials of the London Building Trades' Confederation, who had published a "black list," exposing the rates of wages in a manner calculated to bring employers of labour into hatred and contempt. There was a verdict for plaintiffs, with fifty pounds damages.

New phases of the Transvaal problem, or rather of the British South Africa Company's responsibility for the conduct of certain persons in connection with Dr. Jameson's inroad, or with the Johannesburg plot, have been exposed within the last few days. Telegrams which passed between Johannesburg and Mafeking and Capetown in November and December, evidently referring to a secret design very imperfectly disguised by the terms of commercial or financial company management and promotion, were put in evidence at the Pretoria trials. They seemed to affect the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes and Mr. Alfred Beit, resident directors, and Dr. James Rutherford Harris, secretary at Capetown, of the Chartered Company. Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit have resigned their directorship, and Mr. Rhodes offers Government to resign his rank of Privy Councillor. Lord Loch, formerly, as Sir H. W. Loch, Governor of the Cape Colony and British High Commissioner in South Africa, who visited the Transvaal on official business in 1894, has contradicted and easily dispensed the imputations, made by a French newspaper, of his having in any way encouraged a revolt against the South African Republic. A correspondence has passed between President Kruger, Dr. Leyds, Sir Jacobus de Wet at Pretoria, and Governor Sir Hercules Robinson at Capetown, about the British Colonial forces assembled at Mafeking on their way to Buluwayo. The degree of commutation of the sentences on the numerous Johannesburg prisoners is a topic of anxious expectation. Some of the largest Rand gold-mines, including those in which Messrs. Barnato are concerned, must be "closed down" temporarily, on account of so many persons connected with their management being now in prison. The Volksraad at Pretoria was opened by President Kruger on Monday, with a speech deplored the troubles lately caused by "malevolence and selfish purposes."

The Matabili insurrection seems to have been checked in its attack on Buluwayo by the active British defenders of that town. Earl Grey, a director of the Chartered Company from London, has there taken the administration in hand, while Mr. Cecil Rhodes, on his way from Fort Salisbury, has been stopped at Gwelo, his escort having to fight with a party of the enemy, who were dispersed, losing fifty killed. The relief force, under Colonel Plumer, was expected at Mangwé, south of Buluwayo.

Major Lothaire, the Belgian officer in the service of the Congo Free State, by whom, in January 1895, Mr. Charles Stokes, a British ivory-trader, was put to death under a court-martial sentence for assisting one of the native chiefs in rebellion against that State, has been tried by the judicial tribunal at Boma, and has been acquitted; the British Consul was present at this trial.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been received at Berlin and Potsdam by the German Emperor with courteous attentions in a stay of four days.

The Berlin Exhibition, in the Treptow Park, was opened on May 1 by the Emperor William and the Empress.

The Millennial Historical Exhibition of the Hungarian nation and kingdom at Budapest was opened last Sunday by his Majesty Francis Joseph, King of Hungary and Emperor of Austria, who was accompanied by the Empress, the Archdukes and Archduchesses, and a splendid assemblage of the Hungarian nobles, with their ladies, wearing the Magyar costume.

The new French Ministry, formed by M. Meline, with M. Hanotaux as Minister of Foreign Affairs, General Billot as Minister of War, and M. Georges Cochery as Minister of Finance, was presented on April 30 to M. Faure, the President of the Republic, and seems to possess a tolerable amount of support in the Chamber.

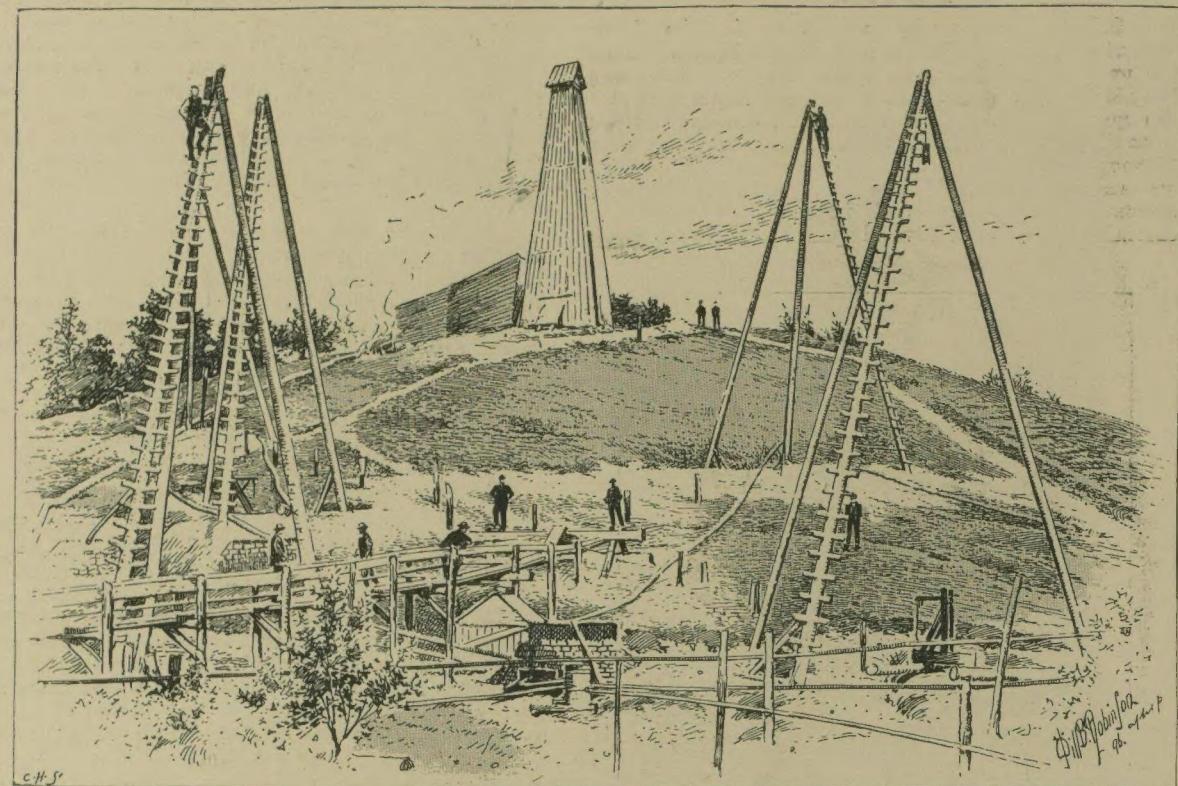
The Italian army in Abyssinia has relieved the besieged garrison of Adigerat.

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.

Turning over the pages of some volumes of *Punch* of the time when John Leech contributed prodigiously to the gaiety of this nation, I came upon a number of jokes founded upon the alarming statement of Professor Stanley Jevons that within about a hundred years our coal supply, to which many have attributed the commercial supremacy of this fantastic little island, would come to an end. There were comic drawings of people wearing pieces of "black diamond" as ear-rings or breast-pins, and many funny ideas that did credit to the inexhaustible, genial humourist. To-day it appears not unlikely that before the term of Jevons's gloomy prophecy, coal will have ceased to be of great importance.

In the sixties the "black stone" of Mrs. Markham seemed the only substantial source of heat, light, and power, and now its position is menaced, not only by electricity, to which it has already been forced to act as handmaiden, but also by another mineral product, the use of which is believed to date back to the building of the Tower of Babel, when "slime had they for mortar." The ruins of Nineveh and Babylon tell us that the mortar owed its quality to partially evaporated petroleum; and it is from petroleum, still a puzzle to the geologist, that apparently will come the force, heat, and light of the future.

Petroleum is a name that does not perhaps appeal directly to the housewife, although she burns it under the name of kerosine in her lamps; so dead is she, as a rule, to inquiry that there are old ladies who to this day refer to refined mineral oils as "colza." Yet, those whose business it is to consider the safety of the little heart that beats for the huge British Empire are deeply studying the mineral oil that has introduced to our language the picturesque phrase, "to strike oil." For the meaning of the phrase it is simplest to refer to "The Golden Butterfly," where may be found the fortunes of the delightful American who entertained a collection of sham literary lions in virtue of the fact that he had found his back garden and land flowing, not with milk and honey, but with oil. However, I do not mean to speak of the American oil industry, which has been the chief factor in the establishment of those commercial "trusts" that have put the United States under a bondage of cruel monopolies such as this happy country has not known, even in the days when the Statute of Monopolies was passed for the protection of trade. After



TAPPING PETROLEUM WELLS.

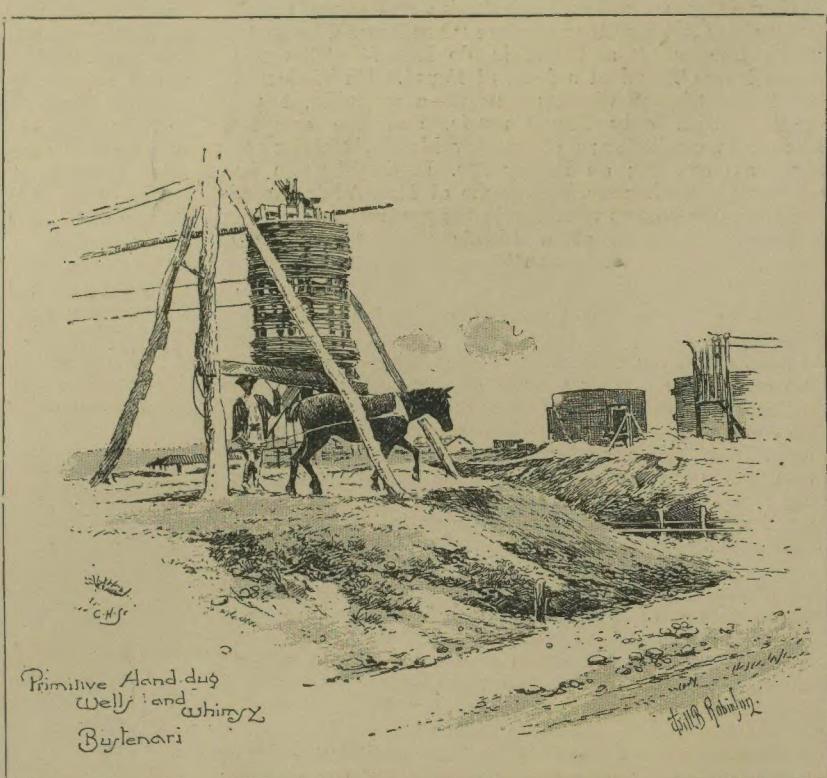
The Scaffolding represents the Method of Piercing the Ground. In the Background is a Well in Working Order.

from Baku, on the Caspian Sea, the "sacred fire" which has attracted for many centuries the Guebres—the Persian fire-worshippers—who came to Ateshga, the "place of fire" in the cult of their religion? It is curious, lamentable, to think that the site of one of the old temples of the fire-worshippers is now occupied by large petroleum works.

But what, one may ask, of the services that petroleum renders beyond producing a luminant for lamps, which, if properly used, is of great brilliance and softness? In petroleum, as in coal and other cases, "the stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner": the by-products are more important, or, at least, more valuable in some aspects, than that which was the primary object. The petroleum, after distillation of the refined oils and naphtha, leaves a residuum which promises to be the motive power of

the world, since, weight for weight and measure for measure, it is vastly more efficient, far easier of storage, and more convenient to handle than coal. Possibly a great many people who speak about electric power, who talk of electric traction, hardly recognise the fact that at present the marvellous force in

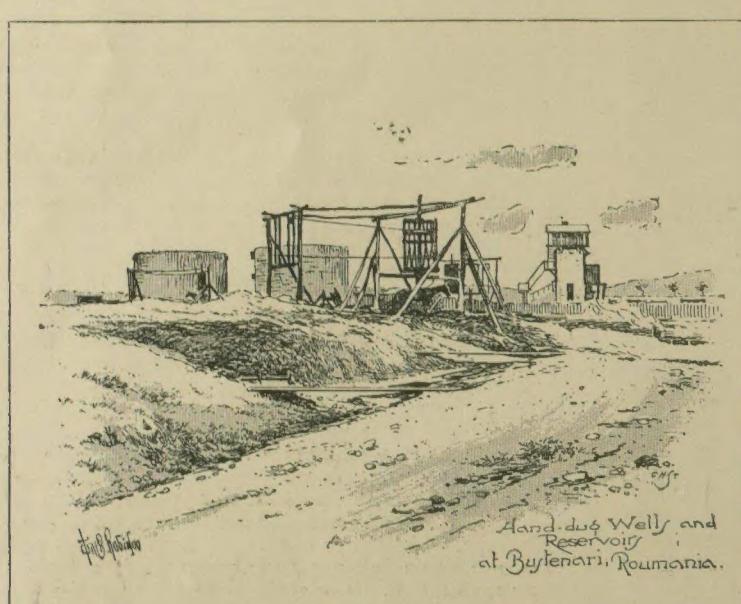
practice can only be used in a secondary form. Electricity, in fact, is like steam; and will not generate itself; some other force is needed, and so steam and gas, far from losing

Primitive Hand-dug Well and Reservoir
Buleanari

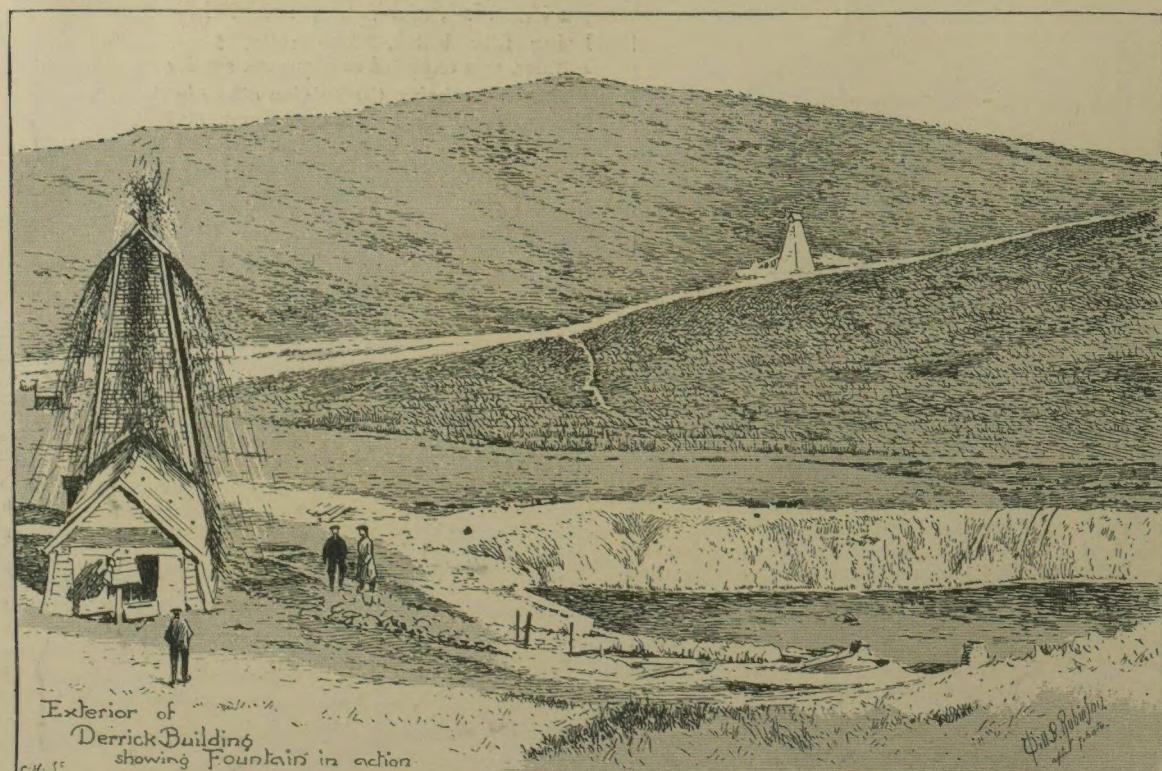
their importance, have almost gained in the modern developments of the form of energy whose name is based upon the fact that pieces of paper will stick to rubbed amber.

The petroleum residuum, however, threatens to oust the gas-engine and dethrone coal, and become the paramount means of generating the force that is to drive our ships and locomotives and generate electricity, and, moreover, be used for lighting in place of coal-gas; while it has already proved itself the chosen power for the auto-cars which ere the end of the century will monopolise our roads. The Admiralty is building a new cruiser, the *Galatea*, to run with oil fuel. As far back as 1894 one metropolitan gas company used nearly five hundred and twelve million feet of oil-gas; the Great Eastern Railway has been building huge tanks at Stratford; in the great French auto-car competition the oil-fuel car took the prize, running from Bordeaux to Paris without a stop at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Neither cruiser nor railway locomotive needs such an efficient fuel as the auto-car, and the French trial showed the extraordinary value of oil fuel.

What, then, about the Jevons of the petroleum supply? Already the States have shown signs, not, indeed, of immediate exhaustion, but at least of need to tap the deeper and more expensive wells. Luckily "Yurup," the continent that our Transatlantic cousins deem played out, seems richer in mineral oils than the States. The production of Baku increases daily to the benefit of Russia and of the Tyne, where special transport steamers are built. Roumania and Galicia have colossal stores of mineral oil till now barely touched. One European well in 1886 actually wasted in one day more than all the States produced in a year, and is still busy, but not wastefully. It is a characteristic of the European oils that whilst at one time scorned in the market because the residuum then treated as waste was too high, they are at present becoming the more valuable, because the waste has proved to be "the headstone of the corner." Some day English capitalists will become alive to the immense importance of European petroleum, and if they find it too large for a "corner," will make it "the headstone" of an industry that will provide a fruitful investment for the idle millions buried in the back-gardens of England.



all, one is disposed to look upon American commerce rather as a matter of statistics that appeal to a Giffen, than as the subject of an article that may possess human interest, and it is Europe that attracts the attention of a non-commercial writer who can find an interest in things bought and sold. What mind can resist the quaint contrast involved in the fact that nowadays a huge business is done in exporting



Exterior of
Derrick Building
showing Fountains in action

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Life is a very expensive luxury at the moment when fashion is obtrusively extravagant and all one's best friends are about to be married. I spend hours each day in serious consultation with prospective brides who exhaust my every idea to do them decorative honour, and who insist



A SILK DRESS.

that I undertake personally conducted tours through all the West-End shops. I have bought two wedding-dresses this week, one of white satin in the Empire style with a little chemisette and short sleeves of white chiffon, the other of white moiré interwoven with silver tinsel, which is to be made up over a petticoat of lace. The idea of the Empire gown pleases me the better of the two, but I should have liked the hem of this embroidered with silver in true-lovers' knots—however, the price was prohibitive.

Among the latest fashions from Paris is the true-lovers' knot in lace, and this appears on the front panel of many of the skirts which are made of canvas or glacé silk. No doubt in the immediate future the ready-made lace bow will be purchaseable for a few pence and a halfpenny all over London, and then it will lose its charms.

Besides deciding the all-important question of wedding-gowns, I have uttered words of wisdom concerning travelling-dresses, and, strange to say, they have been listened to—in nine cases out of ten I have found that the more earnestly a woman pleads for advice the more absolutely does she disregard it.

A travelling-gown of light biscuit-coloured cloth have I selected, completed with a double-breasted cape trimmed on the hem with five machine-stitchings bordered by very narrow white braid. This mode of decorating the hem is also carried out on the skirt, which sets according, to the latest decrees, tight round the front and on the hips, and pleated into the waist at the back. The bodice to this gown is made of the pinafore-shaped blouse of grass-lawn with lace motifs joined together with a tracery of jet, and the cravat is pleated white chiffon, the belt of jet, and the top portion of the sleeve is made of two frills of the light drab cloth, the lower portion being of white chiffon wrinkled down to the wrist. This is, of course, much too smart a travelling-dress in which to travel, but that is a minor detail, and one which is never considered by any self-respecting bride. A delightful little toque which should be called upon to complete such a dress as this is made of black horsehair straw with an appliqué of white lace dotted upon it, somewhat in the Punchinello shape, with a group of black feathers at one side and a couple of pale pink roses on the other.

That dress illustrated this week might be adopted well by the mother of the bride, and I must talk to her seriously upon the point because she is, fortunately, a slim woman. The skirt is of black and white silk, and the bodice is of black silk fastened with Parisian diamond buttons, and showing a collar of heliotrope velvet bordered with a jet trimming lightly *diamanté*; a cream-coloured lace cravat fastened with a diamond buckle falls softly to the waist, a diamond buckle again appearing to catch a few folds of the satin at the belt. The matron whose proportions are not slim might wear such a gown as this if she moved the belt two inches below the waist and permitted the lace cravat to fall over the buckle. That hat would, however, only suit the youthful figure. Made of cerise straw, this is trimmed with a bunch of deep crimson roses, two black feathers, and a quilling of crimson chiffon. Talking of

crimson chiffon reminds me that it would be an ideal material to make that blouse sketched with the pointed collar, which can be either of grass-lawn elaborately embroidered or of guipure of superior detail; crowned with a little toque of lace and pink roses, the effect would be excellent, and might well be completed with a spotted chiné silk skirt of pink and red. Such a costume would be more fitted for wearing in the evening at a fête than in the light of day, when it should only be adopted or considered for very festive occasions.

But I want to continue to think about my brides, and I want to chronicle the other gown I designed. This was of dark blue canvas with a little tabbed coat caught round the waist with one of the new belts of white kid embroidered in jewels, turning back with narrow revers to show a soft white silk front with double frills of narrow white chiffon, lace edged, falling from neck to waist. The revers and the bodice of this were outlined with a narrow white braid, and the hat was of dark blue and green straw trimmed with choux of glacé ribbon and a group of shaded quills, while beneath the brim at the back was a large cluster of wisteria.

I have tried to persuade my two rash friends into the purchase of some of the latest novelties in petticoats; these, being made of alternate stripes of satin ribbon and cream lace, are desperately expensive but quite delightful. Another good model petticoat is of glacé silk with accordion-kilted flounces from the knees; and yet a third style of petticoat which deserves my affections is made of chiné silk with a deep flounce of fine grass-lawn striped with lace insertion and edged with a lace frill. In spite of all temptations, though, it is difficult to ignore the fascinations of the white muslin petticoat; when this is sufficiently elaborated with insertions and frills of lace and made of the softest white lawn, it is exceedingly hard to beat it; indeed I do not think it is to be beaten, and especially this year, when we delight ourselves with such diaphanous fabrics for our dresses, should we recognise the charms of the white petticoat.

The latest fashion in underclothing, which, by the way, is extremely ugly and only deserves to be chronicled by reason of its novelty, is the use of grass-lawn trimmed with white embroidered cambric. I confess to a weakness in favour of white underclothes; although I have been sometimes tempted into the wear of pale pink batiste I have usually returned to my first love, white cambric trimmed with frills edged with Valenciennes lace. White cambric trimmed with frills of pink cambric edged with lace has also charms, but the misguided people who decorate themselves with printed cambric in various colours have not my sympathy nor my respect.

CORRESPONDENCE.

H. M. M.—I think you could get a paper pattern of any garment you wanted from Marie Schild, 142, Long Acre. I do not reply privately to letters, but no doubt you will recognise this answer is intended for you. When writing to me again would you kindly use a pseudonym?

ADVISER.—Read my reply to H. M. M., it answers your question.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Private members of the House of Commons must feel very discouraged when they attempt to forward legislation on their own account. The House of Commons, in fact, has become under present arrangements nothing much more than a machine worked by the Ministry of the hour. As an M.P. once epigrammatically put it to me: "We are nothing but the pawns in the party leader's game." Of course the reason for these observations is the announcement by Mr. Balfour that the Government have taken possession of the Wednesdays before Whitsun, on the last of which the Women's Suffrage Bill was to come forward. Mr. Balfour, however, leaves open the possibility of that Bill yet being discussed by saying that he will reserve the question of whether he will, in fact, take that particular day or not, to be decided by the advance of the Government business. Hence the Women's Suffrage societies have to continue their exertions though the Bill may not come on.

A memorial has been received by Sir John Gorst, signed by Lady Frederick Cavendish, Sir James Stansfeld, Miss Cons, and Baron Dimsdale, on behalf of the Women's Local Government Society, and praying that the new Education Committees that are to supersede School Boards, and that are also to have the direction of the State provisions for secondary education, shall be in part composed of women members.

Women are now declared ineligible for seats on the County Councils that will have the appointment of these new bodies. It was not, of course, foreseen when the County Councils were instituted that their functions were to be so widened as to include the management of education, as they will be by the new Bill. The public will always return capable women who stand for direct election, but it is a different matter for women to succeed in such indirect election as would have to be made to place them on the "Education Committees."

An interesting illustration of the readiness of men electors to vote for women is supplied by the returns of the annual municipal elections of the State of Kansas. In two of the cities the public offices have been entirely committed to women. Those posts include more than we have elections for here. Thus, in the city of Gaylord there have been elected (of course largely by the votes of men) a lady mayor, police magistrate, city marshal (head constable), town clerk, and five members of the City Council. They are all married women but one.

Lady Angela St. Clair Erskine, whose beautiful wedding was one of last week's chief society events, is the youngest of the several beautiful daughters of Blanche, Countess of Rosslyn. Lady Rosslyn was twice married, the Countess of Warwick, so famous for her charm and beauty, being one of her daughters by the first marriage, and the equally

lovely Duchess of Sutherland by the other union. All these three ladies are energetic in the cause of charity. The Duchess has founded a nursing charity in the Highlands. Lady Rosslyn started—and by her own means, and by personal effort amongst her friends, maintains—a convalescent home for poor mothers. Lady Warwick has for years been the source from which the Easton School of Fine Needlework has obtained its strength; embroidery and other delicate needlework, that previously went to the Continent to be done, being thus made to supply the means for the girls of the country village on her Ladyship's estate stopping in their own homes, without going to field labour. Lady Warwick has caused considerable astonishment this season by placing her own name and title above the Bond Street shop at which the work of the school is sold and orders for it received.

It was a smart Private View at the Royal Academy. Probably the plainest dress there was the Marchioness of Salisbury's—a black moiré gown, with a short train, a black lace bonnet, and a heliotrope cloth cape with a deep collar of a fine Irish lace. The smartest gown was decidedly Lady Carew's, a bottle-green brocade, the pattern being pale green pine-cones, and the style the very newest one; a long-skirted Directoire coat, reaching nearly to the knees, adorned at the back with big diamond buttons, the sleeves almost close-fitting to the arm all the way to the shoulder, and a vest of draped yellowish old lace. Miss Mary Moore had a very pretty gown of violet cloth, with revers and cape collar of white guipure.

A very large and successful show was the Cookery and Food Exhibition at the Imperial Institute. Princess Louise, plainly but handsomely dressed in black satin, with a velvet and jet cape, performed the opening ceremony. There were demonstrations of high-class cookery, and classes for Board-school children, sailors' cooks, and other special lessons. On the stalls there were specimens of the many modern products with which we are all more or less familiar—such as Quaker oats, Cerebos salt, Florador, and other similar preparations. One of the prettiest shows was made by Bird's custard powder. The cup-custards alone were a delicious show, having every appearance of being made with an abundance of the nicest eggs. Besides this, there were blanc-manges made from powders prepared in the same way by the manufacturers; these are flavoured in different manners—raspberry, pineapple, cherry, apricot, chocolate, vanilla, etc., and coloured to match. Add to these the cakes that can be made with Bird's baking-powder and egg-powder, and the nice looks of the stall may be imagined. The cookery book given away at the stall, "Pastry and Sweets," to be had from Messrs. Bird, Birmingham, supplies a hundred delicious recipes for the several preparations.

In the section devoted to cooking-stoves my attention was specially asked for the Wilson Engineering Company's portable range from their show-rooms at 227, High



A NEW BLOUSE.

Holborn. It is so constructed that it can be used either as a closed or open range, and the bottom of the grate can be raised without the least trouble to reduce the fire; this arrangement is both economical and convenient, for if the fire has been allowed to get low in an ordinary kitchener it takes some time to boil either a kettle or saucepan on the stove; but with the "Wilson" range the fire is instantly brought up to the top, and thus the heating of anything can be accomplished in a few minutes. One of the special features of the stove is that the heat, instead of being only on one side of the oven, is supplied equally all round it, an advantage which cannot fail to appeal to any practical housewife; there is also an admirable arrangement by which the heat is concentrated on the boiler, so that the water can be made hot in a very short time. The saving in fuel effected by the "Wilson" range is considerable, and they burn the cheapest coal and even coke most satisfactorily. Supposing an intending buyer cannot spare time to go to 227, High Holborn, she can gain all the necessary information from one of the illustrated catalogues supplied by the firm.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

IX.

CHANGES ON THE "SUMMER SHELTER."

When Captain Burke communicated to Mr. Portman and M. Burdette the news that nine of their passengers had offered to ship as a crew, the sailing-master and the first mate shook their heads. They did not believe that the vessel could be worked by Parsons.

"But there isn't anybody else," exclaimed Burke. "We've got to get away; and they're all able-bodied, and they have more sense than most landsmen we can ship. And, besides, here are five experienced seamen on board; and I say let's try the Parsons."

"All right," said Mr. Burdette. "If you're willing to risk it, I am."

Mr. Portman also said he was willing; and the engineer and his assistant, who were getting very nervous, agreed to the plan as soon as they heard of it.

Captain Burke shook himself, pulled his cap to the front of his head, arranged his coat properly and buttoned it up, and began to give orders. "Now then," said he, "all passengers going ashore please step lively!" And, while this lively stepping was going on and during the leave-taking and rapid writing of notes to be sent to the homes of the clerical crew, he ordered Mr. Burdette to secure a pilot, attend to the clearance business, and make everything ready to cast off and get out of the harbour as soon as possible.

When the five reverend gentlemen who had decided not to accompany the *Summer Shelter* in her further voyaging had departed for the hotel, portmanteaus in hand, and amply furnished by Mrs. Cliff with funds for their return to their homes, the volunteer crew, most of them without coats or waistcoats and all in a high picnic spirit, set to work with enthusiasm, doing more things than they knew how to do, and embarrassing Mr. Burdette a good deal by their over-willingness to make themselves useful. But this untrained alacrity was soon toned down, and early in the afternoon the hawsers of the *Summer Shelter* were cast off and she steamed out of the eastern passage of the harbour.

There were remarks made in town after the departure of the yacht, but when the passengers who had been left behind, all clergymen of high repute, had related the facts of the case, and had made it understood that the yacht whose filibustering purpose had been suspected by its former crew was now manned by nine members of the synod recently convened in Brooklyn, and under the personal direction of Mrs. Cliff, an elderly and charitable resident of Plainton, Maine, all distrust was dropped, and was succeeded in some instances by the hope that the yacht might not be wrecked before it reached Jamaica.

The pilot left the *Summer Shelter*; three of the clergymen shovelled coal; four of them served as deck-hands, and two others ran around as assistant cooks and stewards; Mr. Portman and Mr. Burdette lent their hands to things which were not at all in their line of duty; Mrs. Cliff and Willy pared the vegetables and cooked without ever thinking of stopping to fan themselves; while Captain Burke flew around like half-a-dozen men with a good word for everybody and a hand to help wherever needed. It was truly a jolly voyage from Nassau to Kingston.

The new crew was divided into messes, and Mrs. Cliff insisted that they should come to the table in the saloon, no matter how they looked or what they had been doing—on her vessel a coalheaver off duty was as good as a captain, while the clergymen good-humouredly endeavoured to preserve the relative lowliness of their positions, each actuated by a zealous desire to show what a good deck-hand or steward he could make when circumstances demanded it.

Working hard, laughing much, eating most heartily, and sleeping well, the busy and hilarious little party on board the *Summer Shelter* steamed into the harbour of Kingston, after a much shorter voyage than is generally made from Nassau to that port.

"If I could get a crew of jolly Parsons," cried Captain Burke, "and could give them a month's training on board this yacht, I'd rather have them than any crew that could be got together from Cape Horn to the North Pole!"

"And by the time you had made able seamen of them," said Mr. Burdette, who was of a conventional turn of mind, "they'd all go back to their pulpits and preach."

"And preach better," said Mr. Litchfield, who was standing by. "Yes, Sir, I believe they would all preach better!"

When the anchor was dropped, not quite so promptly as it would have been done if the clerical crew had had any previous practice in this operation, Mr. Burke was about to give orders to lower a boat—for he was anxious to get on shore as soon as possible—when he perceived a large boat rowed by six men and with a man in the stern rapidly approaching the yacht. If they were port officials, he thought, they were extremely prompt; but he soon saw that the man in the stern, who stood up and waved a handkerchief, was his old friend Shirley.

Mrs CLIFF'S YACHT

by
FRANK R STOCKTON



In a very short time the six powerful negro oarsmen had Shirley's boat alongside, and in a few seconds after that he stood upon the deck of the "Summer Shelter."

have recognised him in the neat travelling-suit which he now wore.

Shirley was delighted to meet Burke and Mrs. Cliff; he expressed pleasure in making the acquaintance of Miss Croup, who, standing by Mrs. Cliff's side, was quickly introduced; and he looked with astonishment at the body of queer-looking men who were gathered on the deck and who appeared to be the crew of the yacht. But he wasted no time in friendly greetings nor in asking questions, but quickly informed Burke that they were all too late, and that the *Dunkery Beacon* had sailed two days before.

"And weren't you here to board her?" cried Burke.

"No," said Shirley; "our steamer didn't arrive until last night."

Burke and Mrs. Cliff looked at each other in dismay. Tears began to come into Willy Croup's eyes, as they nearly always did when anything unusual suddenly happened, and all the members of the synod, together with Mr. Portman and Mr. Burdette, and even the two engineers,

be consignees here, and this morning I went to a house on Harbour Street—Beaver, Hughes. This house, in a way, is the Jamaica agent of the owners. I got there before the office was opened, but I didn't find out much. She delivered some cargo to them, and had sailed on time."

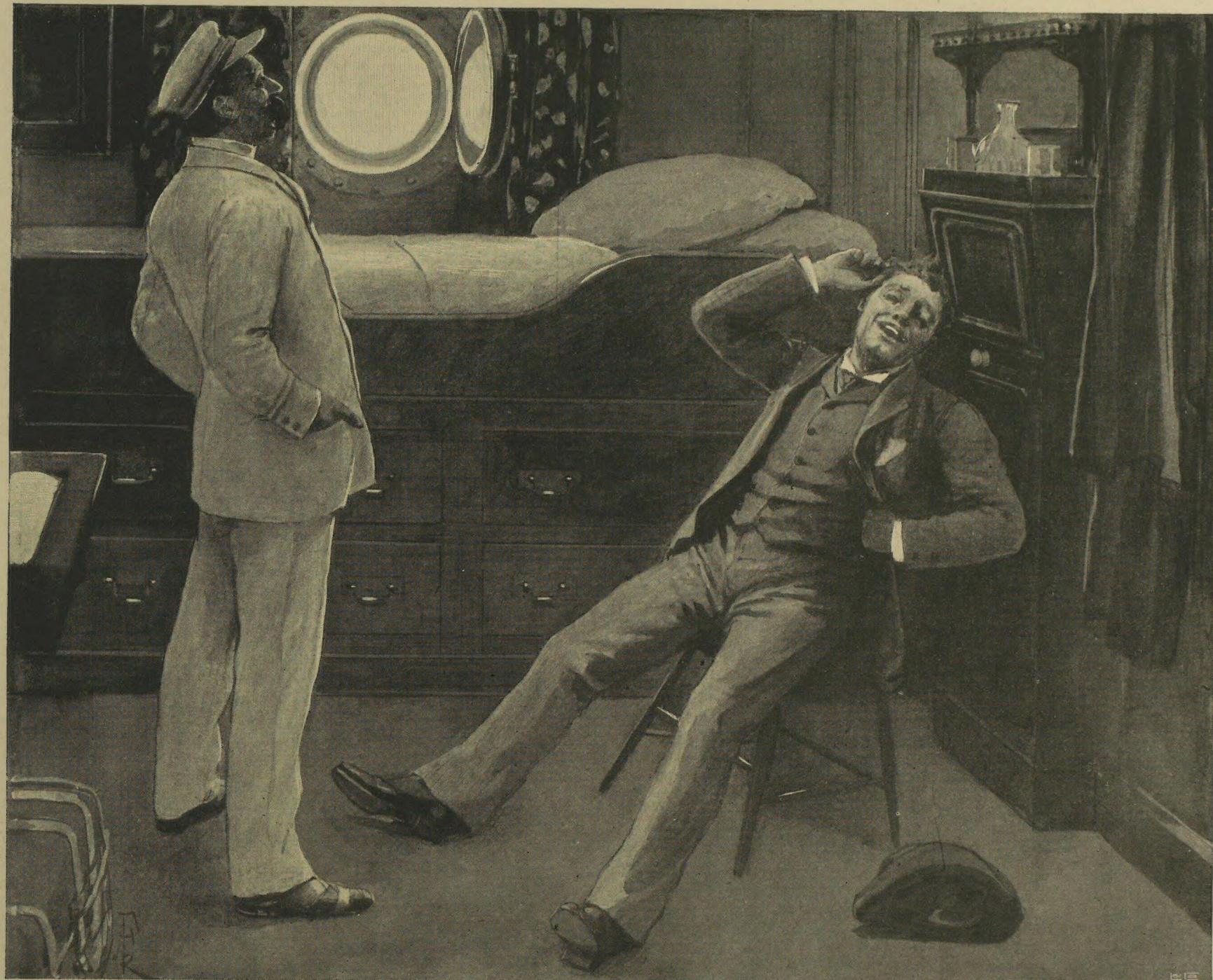
"By George!" cried Burke, "Captain Horn was right. They could hardly get a chance to safely interfere with her until she had sailed from Kingston, and now I bet they are waiting for her outside the Caribbees."

"That's just what I thought," said Shirley, "but of course I didn't say anything to these people, and I soon found out that they didn't know much, except so far as their own business was concerned. It is pretty certain from what I have heard that she didn't find any letters here that would make her change her course or do anything out of the way, but I did find something. While I was talking with one of the heads of the house, the mail from New York, which had come over in my steamer too late to be

Hagar, and that a friend of mine was coming to Kingston in a yacht, and that if he arrived soon I hadn't a doubt that we could overhaul the *Dunkery Beacon*, and give the Captain my message and the one from London besides, and that we'd try to do it, for it was very important. But they didn't know me, and they said they would wait until my friend's yacht should arrive, and then they would see about sending the message to Captain Hagar. Now, I've done enough talking, and we must do something!"

"What do you think we ought to do?" asked Burke.

"Well, I say," answered Shirley, "if you have any passengers to put ashore here, put them ashore, and then let's go after the *Dunkery Beacon* and deliver the message. A stern chase is a long chase; but if I'm to judge by the way this yacht caught up to the *Antonina* and passed her, I believe there's a good chance of overhauling the *Dunkery Beacon* before the pirates get hold of her. Then all she's got to do is to steam back to Kingston."



Shirley was a quiet and rather a sedate man; but when he heard this tale he dropped into a chair, leaned back, stretched out his legs, and laughed until his voice failed him.

who had come up from below, pressed close around Shirley, eager to hear what next should be said.

Everybody on board had been informed during the trip from Nassau of the errand of the yacht; for Mrs. Cliff thought she would be treating those generous and kind-hearted clergymen very badly if she did not let them know the nature of the good work in which they were engaged. And so it happened that everybody who had sailed from Nassau on the yacht had hoped—more than that, had even expected—for the *Dunkery Beacon* was known to be a very slow steamer—to find her in the harbour of Kingston taking on goods, or, perhaps coaling; and now all knew that even Shirley had been too late.

"This is dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Cliff, who was almost on the point of imitating Willy in the matter of tears. "And they haven't any idea, of course, of the dangers which await them."

"I don't see how they could know," said Shirley, "for, of course, if they had known they wouldn't have sailed."

"Did you hear anything about her?" asked Burke. "Was she all right when she arrived?"

"I have no doubt of that," was the answer. "I made inquiries last night about the people who would most likely

delivered the night before, was brought in, and one of the letters was a cable-message from London to New York to be forwarded by mail to Jamaica, and it was directed to 'Captain Hagar, of the *Dunkery Beacon*, care of Beaver and Hughes.' As I had been asking about the steamer, Beaver or Hughes, whichever it was, mentioned the message. I told him on the spot that I thought it was his duty to open it, for I was very sure it was on important business. He considered for a while, saying that perhaps the proper thing was to send it on after Captain Hagar by mail; but when he had thought about it a little, he said perhaps he had better open it, and he did. The words were just these—

"On no account leave Kingston harbour until further orders.—BLACKBURN." Blackburn is the head owner."

"What did you say then?" asked Mrs. Cliff very earnestly, "and what did he say?"

"I didn't say anything about her being a treasure-ship," replied Shirley. "If it was not known in Jamaica that she was carrying that gold I wasn't going to tell it, for there are as many black-hearted scoundrels here as in any other part of the world. But I told the Beaver and Hughes people that I also had a message for Captain

"But suppose the pirates come before she gets back," said Mrs. Cliff.

"Well, they won't fool with her if she is in company," replied Shirley. "Now, and what do you say?" he asked, addressing Burke, but glancing around at the others. "I don't know how this ship's company is made up, or how long a stop you are thinking of making here, or anything about it. But you're the owner, Mrs. Cliff, and if you lend Burke and me your yacht, I reckon he'll be ready enough to steam after the *Dunkery Beacon* and deliver the messages. It's a thing which Captain Horn has set his heart upon, and it's a thing which ought to be done if it can be done, and this yacht, I believe, is the vessel that can do it."

During this speech, Mr. Burke, generally so eager to speak and to act, had stood silent and troubled. He agreed with Shirley that the thing to do was to go after the *Dunkery Beacon* at the best speed the yacht could make. He did not believe that Mrs. Cliff would object to his sailing away with her yacht on this important errand, but he remembered that he had no crew. These parsons must be put off at Kingston, and although he had had no doubt whatever that he could get a crew in this port, he had

expected to have a week, perhaps more, in which to do it. To collect in an hour or two a crew which he could trust with the knowledge, which would most likely come to them in some way or other, that the steamer they were chasing carried untold wealth, was hardly to be thought of.

"As far as I am concerned," cried Mrs. Cliff, "my yacht can go after that steamer just as soon as she can be started away."

"And what do you say, Burke?" exclaimed Shirley.

Burke did not answer. He was trying to decide whether or not he and Shirley, with Burdette and Portman, and the two engineers, could work the yacht. But before he had even a chance to speak, Mr. Hodgson stepped forward and exclaimed—

"I'll stick to the yacht until she has accomplished her business. I would just as soon make my vacation a week longer as not. I can cut it off somewhere else. If you are thinking about your crew, Captain, I want to say that, so far as I am concerned, I am one volunteer."

"And I am another," said Mr. Litchfield. "Now that I know how absolutely essential it is that the *Dunkery Beacon* should be overtaken, I would not for a moment even consider the surrender of my position upon this vessel, which I assure you, Madam, I consider as an honour."

Mr. Shirley stared in amazement at the speaker. What sort of a seaman was this? His face and hands were dirty, for he had been shovelling coal; but such speech Shirley had never heard from mariner's lips. The rest of the crew seemed very odd, and now he noticed for the first time that although many of them were in their shirt-sleeves, nearly all wore black trousers. He could not understand it.

"Mr. Litchfield, Sir," said a large, heavy man with a nose burned very red, a travelling cap upon his head, and wearing a stiffly starched shirt which had once been white, no collar, and a waistcoat cut very straight in front, now open, but intended to be buttoned up very high. "I believe Mr. Litchfield has voiced the sentiments of us all. As he was speaking, I looked from one brother to another, and I think I am right."

"You are right," cried every one of the sturdy fellows who had so recently stepped from synod to yacht.

"I knew it," exultantly exclaimed the speaker. "I felt it in my heart of hearts. Madam and Captain, knowing what we do, we are not the men to desert you when it is found necessary to continue the voyage for a little."

"And what would happen to us if we did leave the yacht?" said another. "We might simply have to remain at Kingston until you returned. Oh, no; we wouldn't think of it."

"Burke," said Shirley in a low tone, "who are these people?"

"Can't tell you now," said Burke, his eyes glistening; "you might tumble overboard backwards if I did! Gentlemen," he cried, turning to his crew, "you're a royal lot! And if any of you ever ask me to stand by you, I'll do it while there's breath in my body! And now, Madam," said he, his doubt and perplexity gone, and his face animated by the necessity of immediate action, "I can't now say anything about your kindness in lending us your yacht, but if you and Miss Croup want to go ashore, here is a boat alongside."

"Go ashore!" screamed Mrs. Cliff. "What are you talking about? If anybody stays on this yacht, I do! I wouldn't think of such a thing as going ashore!"

"Nor I!" cried Willy. "What's got into your head, Mr. Burke—do you intend to go without eating?"

"Ladies," cried Burke, "you are truly trumps, and that's all I've got to say! And we'll get out of this harbour just as fast as we can!"

"Look here!" cried Shirley, running after Burke to the Captain's room. "I've got to go ashore again and get that cable message. We must have authority to turn that steamer back if we overhaul her; and I've got to have somebody to go with me. But before we do anything, you must take time to tell me who these queer-looking customers are that you've got on board."

Burke shut the door of his room, and in as few words as possible he explained how some of the members of the recent synod happened to be acting as crew of the yacht. Shirley was a quiet and rather a sedate man; but when he heard this tale, he dropped into a chair, leaned back, stretched out his legs, and laughed until his voice failed him.

"Oh, it's all funny enough," said Burke, almost as merry as his friend; "but they're good ones, I can tell you that! You couldn't get together a better set of landsmen, and I'll tell you what I'll do. If you want anybody to go with you to certify that you are all right, I'll send a couple of parsons!"

"Just what I want!" cried Shirley.

Burke quickly stepped out on deck, and calling the mate, "Mr. Burdette," he said, "I want you to detail the Rev. Charles Attlebury and Rev. Mr. Gillingham to go ashore with Mr. Shirley. Tell them to put on their parson's toggery, long coats, high hats, and white cravats, and let each man take with him the address of his church on a card. They are to certify to Mr. Shirley. Tell them to step around lively—we have no time to lose!"

Soon after the boat with Shirley and the clergymen had pulled away from the yacht, two of the clerical crew came to Mrs. Cliff and told her that they were very sorry indeed to say that, having consulted the sailing-master, and having been told by him that it was not at all probable that the yacht would be able to return to Kingston in a week, they had been forced to the conclusion that they would not be able to offer her their services during the voyage she was about to make. Important affairs at home would make it impossible for them to prolong their most delightful vacation, and as they had been informed that the *Antonina* would return to New York in a few days, it would be advisable for them to leave the yacht and take passage to New York in her. They felt, however, that this apparent desertion would be of less importance than it would have been if it had occurred in the port of Nassau, because now the crew would have the assistance of Mr. Shirley, who was certainly worth more than both of them together.

When Burke heard this he said to Mrs. Cliff that he was not sure but what the parsons were quite correct, and, although everybody was sorry to lose two members of the party, it could not be helped; and all who had letters to send to New York went to work to scribble them as fast as they could. Mrs. Cliff also wrote a note to Captain Horn informing him of the state of affairs and of their reasons for not waiting for him, and this the departing clergymen undertook to leave with Beaver and Hughes, where Captain Horn would be sure to call.

When Shirley reached the counting-house of Beaver and Hughes he found that it was a great advantage to be backed up by a pair of reverend clergymen who had come to Kingston in a handsome yacht. The message for Captain Hagar was delivered without hesitation, and the best wishes were expressed that they might be able to overtake the *Dunkery Beacon*.

"Her course will be south of Tobago Island," said Mr. Beaver, "and then if your yacht is the vessel you say it is, I should say you ought to overtake her before she gets very far down the coast. I don't know that Captain Hagar will turn back when he gets this message, having gone so far; but, of course, if it is important, I am glad there is a vessel here to take it to him."

"What sort of a looking vessel is the *Dunkery Beacon*?" asked Shirley.

"She is about two thousand tons," said the other, "has two masts which do not break much, and her funnel is painted black and white, the stripes running up and down. There are three steamers on the line, and all their funnels are painted that way."

"We'll be apt to know her when we see her," said Shirley, and, with a hurried leave, he and his companions hastened back to the wharves.

But on the way a thought struck Shirley, and he determined to take time to go to the post-office. There might be something for him, and he had not thought of it before. There he found a telegraphic message addressed to him, and sent from Vera Cruz to New York, and thence forwarded by mail. It was from Captain Horn, and was as long as an ordinary business note, and informed Shirley that the Captain expected to be in Jamaica not long after this message reached Kingston. There was no regular steamer which would reach there in good time, but he had chartered a steamer, the *Monterey*, which was then being made ready for sea as rapidly as possible, and would probably clear for Kingston in a few days. It urged Shirley not to fail to keep the *Dunkery Beacon* in port until he arrived.

Shirley stood speechless for some minutes after he had read this message. This telegram had come with him on the *Antonina* from New York. What a fool he had been not to think sooner of the post-office! But what difference would it have made? What could he have done that he had not done? If the Captain sailed in a few days from the time he sent the message he would be here very soon, for the distance between Kingston and Vera Cruz was less than that from New York. The Captain must have counted on Shirley reaching Jamaica very much sooner than he really did arrive. Puzzled, annoyed, and disgusted at himself, Shirley explained the message to his companions, and they all hastened back to the yacht. There a brief but very hurried consultation was held, in which nearly everybody joined. The question to be decided was, should they wait for Captain Horn?

A great deal was said in a very short time, and in the midst of the confused opinions Mrs. Cliff spoke out loudly and clearly. "It is my opinion," said she, "that we should not stop. If fitting out a steamer is like fitting out anything else in this world that I know of, it is almost certain to take more time than people expect it to take. If Captain Horn telegraphed to us this minute I believe he would tell us to go after that ship with the gold on board just as fast as we can, and tell them to turn back."

This speech was received with favour by all who heard it, and without a word in answer to Mrs. Cliff, Captain Burke told Mr. Burdette that they would clear for a cruise and get away just as soon as they could do it.

When the yacht had been made ready to start, the two clergymen descended into the boat, which was waiting alongside, and the *Summer Shelter* steamed out of the harbour of Kingston and headed away for Tobago Island.

{To be continued.)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FIRST NOTICE.

The motto prefixed to this year's catalogue, chosen with more than the usual want of felicity, is a fine instance of the dangers of argument from analogy. It is certainly not the domain or aim of art "to show mankind the unchangeable heart of truth," but rather the ever-changing external forms by which it is expressed. This year's exhibition, unless the symptoms it discloses are wholly misleading, marks the dawn of a new era in Academic work. The old forms and formulas are passing away, and the exponents of the newer art are making themselves seen and heard; and the evidences of this struggle, abounding in every room, make the present exhibition interesting. The older painters—those of landscapes as well as of figures—are more or less subject to the new influences, and often attempt a compromise between impressionism and the Academic style. Others force up the note with the idea of catching some of the brilliancy which the Scotch and other schools infuse into work by sheer use of light; while others, again, giving more free course to their imagination than was their wont, produce pictures in which symbolism, allegory, and even patriotism run riot.

Lord Leighton's "Clytie" (213) will not lessen the general opinion as to the services the late President rendered to English art. Although unfinished—or it might be said, because unfinished—it will appeal to others besides those to whom his highly perfected work seemed pedantic and often cold. In this single figure of the maiden stretching out her arms towards the departing Sun-God, Lord Leighton reveals a note of passion which he seldom allowed his pictures to convey, and there is a pathetic connection between the circumstances under which the picture was painted and the subject chosen. His successor, Sir John Millais's best work of the year, the portrait of the Marchioness of Tweeddale (280), hangs on the opposite wall, a model of stately dignity, recalling some of his best achievements; but unfortunately the other portraits, of Sir Richard Quain (356) and Mr. Stanley Leighton (111), are mere surface works, which fail to deal with the higher qualities of portraiture. For these we must turn to Mr. Orchardson's portrait of Mr. David Stewart, Lord Provost of Glasgow (183), and Mr. Sargent's rendering of the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain (64). The former might, from his nobility of pose and gorgeousness of robe, pass for a Doge of Venice; while in the latter the inwardness even more than the external mask under which the wearer would conceal his ambition is placed on canvas with startling vividness and dexterity. Mr. Orchardson fails to sustain the level of his portrait in the somewhat trivial figure of a girl standing before a mirror, entitled "Reflections" (71); but Mr. Sargent, in his portraits of Mrs. Ian Hamilton (129) and of a lady (402), and again in his thought-reading of Sir George Lewis (473), has scored a series of triumphs of which the variety is not the least charm. Another artist of American extraction, Mr. Edwin Abbey, also wins a place in the first rank of the painters of the year, and the Royal Academy may claim to have established the true internationalism of art by electing these and others who hail from across the sea into the brotherhood founded by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Benjamin West. Mr. Abbey's picture "The Wooing of the Lady Anne" (616) is a marvellous study of composition and colour, from which the dramatic element is not absent. He has followed closely the text of Shakspere, and has seized the moment when the procession of King Henry's funeral has halted to enable Gloster to urge his suit with the lady whose husband, Edward, he is suspected of having got rid of. Richard has taken back the sword which Lady Anne refuses to sheath in his breast, and is offering the ring which she will presently accept.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's work, "The Coliseum" (291), represents a group of ladies on a marble balcony, festooned with bright yellow flowers, watching the gaily dressed people and performers making their way to the famous place of entertainment. The whole work is executed with the ease and skill for which Mr. Alma-Tadema is renowned, but it presents no fresh features, unless it be the problem of reconciling the focus in which the near and far groups of people are painted with equal distinctness. Mr. Ouless has been remarkably successful with his portrait of Mr. Frederic J. Harrison (207), not the distinguished polemist, but a country gentleman in a grey hunting costume. His portrait of Sir Henry Acland (600) seems just to miss the breadth of the sitter's character, and to convey a narrowed sense of a great teacher. Mr. Frank Dicksee's "The Mirror" (202) is almost faultless in its rendering of the mother-of-pearl chair and the flowing drapery; but the lady who sits in the one and wears the other plays a very subordinate part. "The Confession" (340) by the same artist leaves much to the imagination of the spectator, and whether the lady is speaking of her health or her morals may be variously interpreted. Mr. G. F. Watts is not seen at his best either in "The Infancy of Jupiter" (220), in which the figures are vaporous, or in the portraits of Mr. A. Gilbert, R.A. (90), and of the Marquis of Ripon, K.G. (305), the latter being unnecessarily spotty. Mr. Stanhope Forbes makes almost a new departure in "The New Calf" (397), a rustic scene inside a byre, where each character is a type. Although falling short of the interest and power displayed in "The Mill Team" and other works, this year's picture has special qualities which render it attractive; his portraits of the two Messrs. Bolitho (339 and 391) are delightfully simple and direct in expression as well as facile in style. Of Mr. Luke Fildes's five portraits, that of Mr. Fred Treves (219), the famous surgeon, is by far the most powerful; whilst from a similar number sent by Mr. Herkomer, those of Sir Francis Jeune (659) and of Mrs. Gervase Beckett (569) will probably divide the suffrages of the public. There is no question of the forcibleness of the rendering of the Bishop of London (563), which from its somewhat exalted position seems about to swoop down upon Mr. J. W. North's blurred but pretty landscape (562), in which the colours, both gold and green, are exaggerated.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The position of the "expert witness" in courts of law is becoming a matter of grave discussion in scientific circles. A witty and caustic Judge, on one occasion, is reported to have said that of liars there were three classes—the common or ordinary liar, the clever liar, and the expert witness; and of late days there has been no lack of examples of very hard swearing in our law courts on the part of experts in their support of their respective cases, and as against equally notable experts on the opposite side. The *Times* has suggested that the court itself might nominate one or two experts to report on technical matters, and the scientific witnesses in such a case, freed from any bias as paid witnesses, it is held, would enable disputes to be settled at once and definitely. The scientific witness would stand, in such a position, as an assessor of the court. I am told that in Germany there are State-appointed experts, who exercise their functions under the direction of the Judges. Something of this kind should certainly be tried in our own courts. It is independent testimony which the law requires, not biased evidence, or that line of action which marks the advocate rather than the dispassionate critic.

One must be careful, of course, to remember that in many matters involving scientific testimony it is impossible to avoid differences of opinion. Two experts, State-appointed as they might be, might still differ over a moot point without incurring any criticism of hostile character. Especially in matters of biological kind (including medicine, which, of course, is only a branch of biology), where we are dealing with living beings, it is impossible to attain mathematical certainty. The whole affair becomes one of the weighing of evidence from the interpretation of facts and phenomena, and the interpretation may and does vary with the individual who observes and interprets. I suppose it will always be so in human affairs. Short of mathematics and allied studies, we may not arrive at certainty and exactitude; but it is clear that it tends neither to advance the dignity of thought nor to enhance the reputation of scientists to find the witness-box too often a scene of wrangling fit only for the market-place; and the State or official expert represents the real way out of a difficulty that is becoming a reproach to science all round.

There are certain expert witnesses, of course, of whom the less said the better. These are men who will stick, through thick and thin, to one view of a case, and who will admit that no other view of it is even possible. "Is there anything in heaven or earth, or in the air above or the waters beneath, about which So-and-So is not quite certain?" despairingly inquired a Judge on one occasion, naming an expert witness well known to his Lordship. Echo and professional opinion, I imagine, answered the judicial inquiry at once in the negative.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F LIBBY.—We much regret that we omitted to give you notice of our inability to accept your problem. It was scarcely good enough.
F PROCTOR (West Bergholt).—We shall be pleased to give the new version further attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2711 and 2712 received from Upendranath Maitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2713 from Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2715 from W C D Smith (Northampton), Professor Charles Wagner, and E G Boys; of No. 2716 from W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), E G Boys, Professor Charles Wagner, F R Barratt (Northampton), J H Downes, H H (Peterborough), Oliver Icninga, W H Williamson (Belfast), W C D Smith (Northampton), James Lloyd, Dr. A C Farquharson (Lichfield), Joseph T Pullen (Exeter), C W Smith (Stroud), J Bailey (Newark), George C Turner (Solihull Lodge), and Hermit.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2717 received from C E Perugini, C R II, Sorrento, F Waller (Luton), T Chown, F Leete (Sudbury), Mrs Kelly (or Kelly), Hermit, J Sowden, B Copland (Chelmsford), George C Turner, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), H H (Peterborough), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), H T Afterbury, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Gertrude Timothy, Alpha, James Lloyd, E P Vulliamy, Shadforth, F Anderson, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W R Raileen, L Desanges, J D Tucker (Leeds), Gerald M C, Hereward, James Gamble (Belfast), Frank H Rollison, S Davis (Leicester), R Worters (Canterbury), W R B (Clifton), F James (Wolverhampton), E Louden, Captain Spencer, F Glanville, F A Carter (Maldon), T Roberts, Albert Wolff, H S Brandreth (Venice), and J S Wesley (Exeter).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2716.—By T. CULLOVIN.

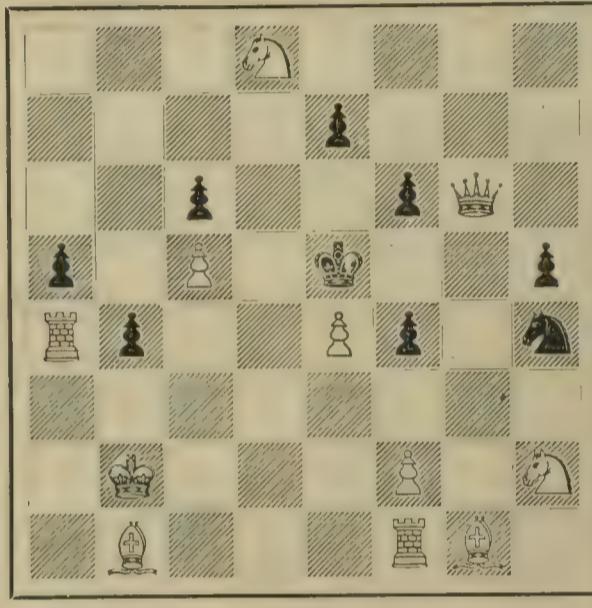
WHITE. 1. B to Q 6th
2. Q to B 6th
3. Q mates.

BLACK. Any move
" "

PROBLEM NO. 2719.

By JEFF ALLEN (Calcutta).

BLACK.



WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 27, 1893) of Mr. Henry Villiers Stuart, M.P. for Waterford 1873-74 and 1880-85, of Dromana, Waterford, who was drowned on Oct. 12, was proved in London on April 22 by Frederick Willis Farrer, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £82,301. The testator gives all his household furniture, plate, carriages, horses, farm stock, etc., to his wife, and charges his settled estates with the payment of £1000 per annum to her during her widowhood; £100 to Baron Henry Prochazha; £150 to his son Maurice Villiers Stuart; £100 to his executor; and an annuity of £50 to Lady Pauline Cuffe. Under the powers contained in his marriage settlement, he appoints a sum of £14,000 to his son, Henry Charles Villiers Stuart. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then as to £30,000 part thereof between his children, except his son Henry Charles, and the ultimate residue is to follow the same trusts as those of his Dromana estates. By a will (dated Aug. 11, 1885) and not proved in England, he leaves all his property at Florida, U.S.A., to all his children, in equal shares.

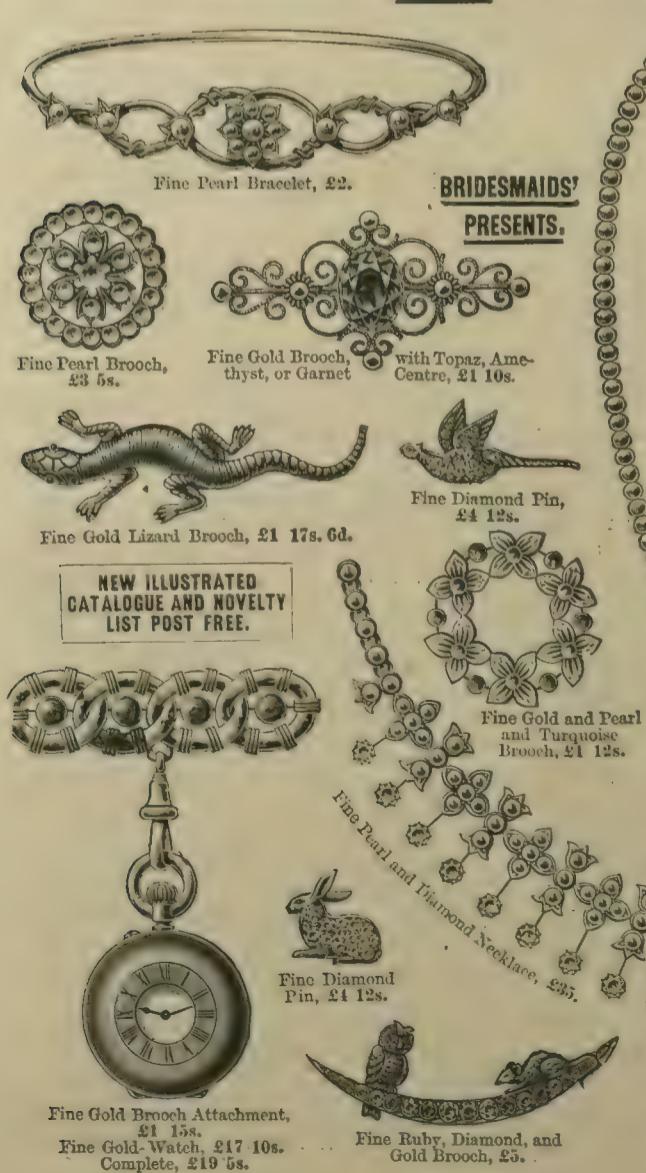
The will (dated Aug. 23, 1888) of Miss Julia Emily Gordon, of 28, St. John's Wood Road, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on April 13 by Lady Margaret Catherine Amherst and Lady Charlotte Florentia Amherst, the cousins, the value of the personal estate amounting to £73,339. The testatrix bequeaths £1200 to the Victoria Street and International Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection; £1200 to the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association for the purpose of erecting a granite drinking fountain and trough in remembrance of her; £500 to the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £300 to the Tunbridge Wells Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £300 to the Anti-Vivisection Society of the same place; the portrait of Mrs. Siddons by Sir Thomas Lawrence and all her framed pictures, prints, etc., to the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square; £100 to the trustees of the Free Library at The Hall, London Street, Bethnal Green, to be expended solely in the promotion of humane treatment of animals, through the agency of annual lectures, the condemnation of vivisection to be a prominent feature of such lectures; all her ornamental china, carved oak, stones, coins, fossils, Bermuda agates, books, etc., to the South Kensington Museum, on the express condition that they are formed into a collection and called the "Julia Gordon Collection," and legacies and specific gifts of jewellery to friends and servants. She appoints Lady Margaret Catherine Amherst and Lady Charlotte Florentia Amherst her residuary legatees.

The Irish probate of the will (dated June 18, 1892), with two codicils (dated Nov. 11, 1892, and Jan. 27, 1894), of Mr. Thomas Pim, of Glennageragh House, Kingstown, Dublin, who died on Jan. 18, granted to Joseph Lister Pim, the son, Joseph Todhunter Pim and Thomas Pim Hogg, the nephews, the executors, was resealed in London on April 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to £73,165. The testator gives £8550,

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345 shares in Pim Brothers and Co., and 400 shares in the Dublin South City Market Company to his son, Joseph Lister Pim; £4000, 400 shares of Pim Brothers, 300 shares of the South City Market Company, and his yacht *Charm*, with her gear and fittings, to his son John Harold Pim; £350 and 100 shares of Pim Brothers to the children of his daughter Isabella; 175 shares of Pim Brothers and 250 shares of the South City Market Company each to his daughters Gertrude and Constance; 200 shares of Pim Brothers and 200 shares of the South City Market Company to his daughter Margaret; £700, 500 shares of Pim Brothers, 400 shares of the South City Market Company, and his steam-launch to his son Charles; £550, 600 shares of Pim Brothers, and 400 shares of the South City Market Company to his son Francis; £1000 to his wife; £150 each to his nephews Joseph Todhunter Pim and Thomas Pim Hogg; legacies to servants and specific gifts to his children. He gives £6500, 1100 shares of Pim Brothers, and 300 shares of the South City Market Company, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then between his two sons Charles and Francis. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his two sons Joseph Lister and John Harold. Under the powers of the settlement executed on his first marriage he appoints a sum of £5000 to his said sons Joseph Lister and John Harold.

The will (dated March 27, 1883) of the Right Hon. Rainald Baron Knightley, of Fawsley, Northampton, who died on Dec. 19, was proved on April 28 by Charles Valentine Knightley, one of the executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £23,023. The testator gives his wife, Louisa Mary, Lady Knightley, the use, for her life or widowhood, of all his household furniture and effects, and, subject thereto, he leaves all his property to the person who shall, at his death, become entitled to the Fawsley Settled Estates.

The will (dated April 1, 1891), with a codicil (dated March 23, 1892), of Mr. Arthur Charles Semon, of Walberton House, Fleet, Hants, and formerly of St. Heliers, Hampton Wick, who died on March 2, was proved on April 13 by Philip Simon and James Edward Hawkesford, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £18,933. The testator gives £300 and his



PRESENTATION TO MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.

At the matinée held at the Lyceum Theatre on May 1 in celebration of the twentieth year of Mr. Charles Wyndham's management of the Criterion Theatre, Mr. Wyndham was presented by his many friends with a gold cigarette-box bearing his monogram in diamonds. This handsome gift, which is here reproduced, was designed and executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street.

household furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Semon; £200 to Philip Simon; and £100 to James Edward Hawkesford. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 8, 1895) of the Hon. Frances Dorothy Dillon, of Spilsbury, Oxford, widow, who died on Feb. 29, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, was proved on April 28 by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Philip Constantine Dillon and the Rev. Constantine Francis Arthur Dillon, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £13,005. The testatrix gives £5000 to her daughter Lydia Eliza; £2600 to her son Constantine Francis Arthur; £3000 to her daughter Mrs. Constance Wynter; £560 to the children of her son Philip; £500 and one-sixth of £14,000 to her son Henry Philip Constantine; one-sixth of £3400 to her said son Henry, and the remaining five-

sixths between her son Constantine and her daughter Mrs. Wynter; £100 to her grandson Constantine; and her leasehold house, lands, and stables at Spilsbury, with the furniture and effects, carriages, horses, live and dead stock, etc., to her daughter Lydia Eliza. The residue of her property she leaves as to one-sixth thereof for her son Henry, and the ultimate residue to her daughter Lydia Eliza.

The will of Mr. Joseph Haynes, J.P., of 8, Cleveland Row, St. James's, and of Laverstock, Salisbury, who died on Feb. 15, was proved on April 20 by Albert William Claremont, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £13,332.

The will of Mr. Frederick Collier Hingston, of Plymouth, who died on Jan. 17, has been proved at the District Registry at Exeter by Richard Reynolds Fox, John Phillips, and Edmund Lord Kent, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £16,729.

The will of Mr. James Brierley, of 11, Denmark Road, Church Town, Southport, Lancashire, brewer, who died on March 9, was proved on April 13 by Mrs. Mary Hannah Bridge, the daughter, Otho Mitchell, and James Edward Mills, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £10,986.

The will of Dame Henrietta Isabella Phillipa Chichele Grant, of Bedford House, The Mall, Chiswick, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on April 21 by Dame Frances Elinor Colvile, the daughter and executrix, the gross value of the personal estate being £933.

Mr. Henry Blackburn's "Academy Notes" appeared on the opening day of the exhibition at Burlington House, and fully sustains the reputation which the editor has earned as pioneer in this special form of illustrated catalogue. In the reproduction of nearly four hundred pictures and statues Mr. Blackburn has had recourse to several methods, and by this means the sense of monotony which might arise is effectually dissipated. In many cases the photogravures of the pictures throw light upon the meaning of the artist, and in this way help the student to a fuller enjoyment of the original work.

HUMANITY OF THIS LIFE

*A Thousand Years scarce serve to Form a State,
An Hour may lay it in the Dust.—BYRON.*

**DIPLOMACY OF STATESMEN, the IMPOTENCE of ARMIES and NAVIES,
SUPERSEDED in this OVERGROWN DEAD CHRISTENDOM of Ours,
By a Simple FULCRUM, LEVER, & POWER—WHICH FORCE COULD NEVER ACHIEVE!!!**

LOVE would put a NEW FACE

ON this WEARY OLD WORLD in which we
dwell as

PAGANS and ENEMIES too long; and

IT would WARM the HEART

TO see how fast the VAIN

DIPLOMACY of STATESMEN, the

IMPOTENCE of ARMIES and NAVIES

AND Lines of DEFENCE, would be

SUPERSEDED by this UNARMED CHILD.

LOVE will CREEP where it cannot go;

WILL accomplish that by IMPERCEPTIBLE
METHODS—

BEING its own FULCRUM, LEVER, and
POWER—

WHICH FORCE could NEVER achieve.

HAVE you not seen in the woods on a late

Autumn morning

A poor FUNGUS or MUSHROOM,

A Plant WITHOUT any SOLIDITY—

NAY, that seemed nothing but a SOFT

MUSH JELLY—

BY its CONSTANT, BOLD, and

INCONCEIVABLE GENTLE PUSHING

MANAGE to BREAK ITS WAY UP

THROUGH THE FROSTY GROUND,

For of all sad words of Tongue or Pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'—Whittier.

PLATO MEDITATING ON IMMORTALITY BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY,
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one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records. In view of the constant and steady influx of new buyers into all the markets of the world, it is impossible to rest on laurels, however ardently won or freshly gathered, and for this reason I have pleasure in again, though briefly, directing the attention of readers of this journal to the genuine qualities possessed by ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Residents in the fever-haunted regions to be found in some of our Colonial possessions, travellers at home and abroad, dwellers in the Tropics, the *bon vivant* no less than the man to whom the recommendation 'Eat and be merry' is a sarcasm and a gibe—one and all may, with advantage to themselves, be reminded of a remedy that meets their special requirements with a success approaching the miraculous."—European Mail.

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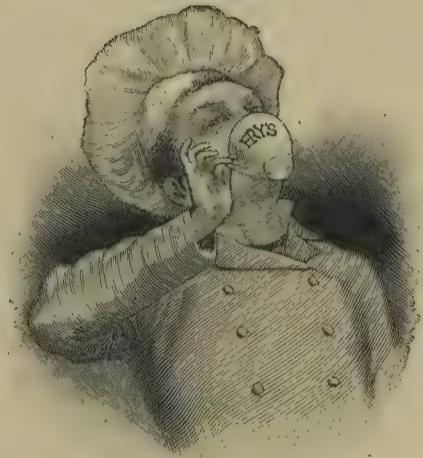
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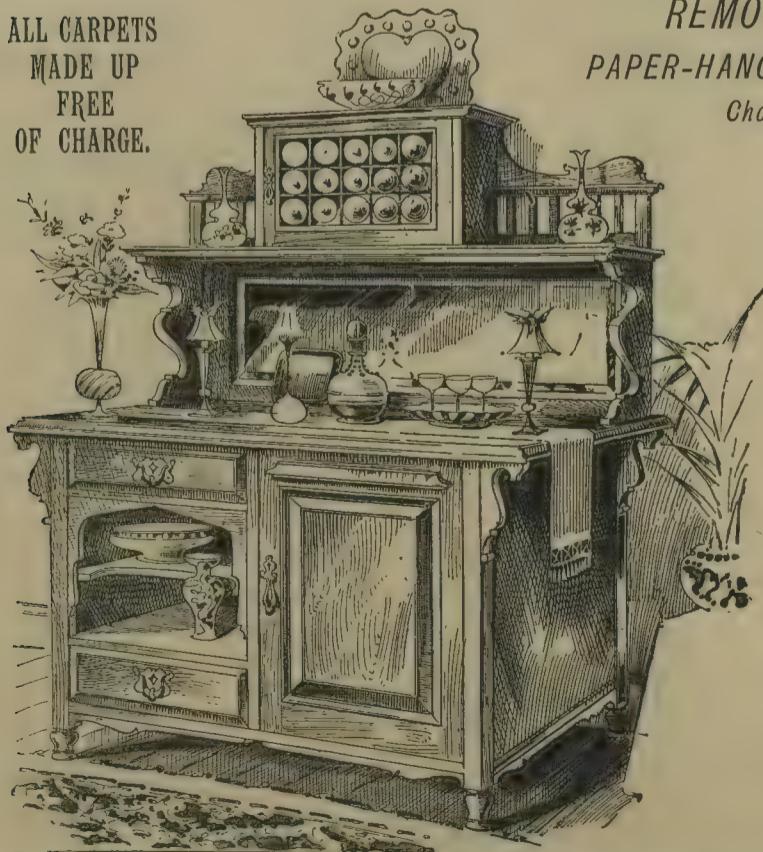
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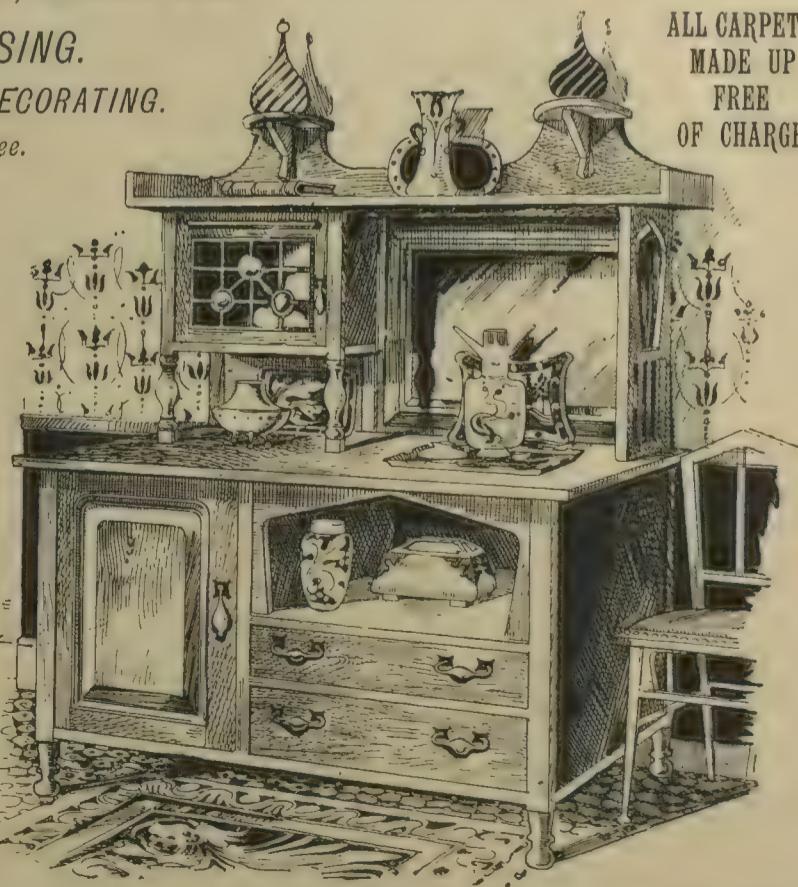
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

"The Charles Wyndham Celebration" was admirably organised from first to last, and proved a genuine success from start to finish. I have in my time seen countless ceremonies of the kind, but never one where greater unanimity and goodwill prevailed. I can recall famous and marvellous casts of old plays when Buckstone, Benjamin Webster, Charles Mathews, Mrs. Keeley, and my old friend E. L. Blanchard were publicly honoured, the last on the occasion of his twentieth year of service on the popular newspaper which I myself have served for twenty-five years, for with my birthday this year comes round a kind of jubilee of daily work. Everyone of importance came forward to congratulate Charles Wyndham, and to help him to raise the enormous sum of £2300 in one day for the Actors' Benevolent Fund. And it was a day of pleasant memories typical of an English May. The prettiest girls on the stage rushed at us directly we got under the portico of the Lyceum Theatre and relieved us promptly of all the spare cash we had about us as an excuse for selling and

signing programmes. Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Maud Jeffries opened the ball with the first play, "A Clerical Error," ever written by Henry Arthur Jones. Such favourites as Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Lionel Brough, but, alas! no John S. Clarke—who was indisposed—appeared in "Money." Charles Wyndham played Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal" better than the part has ever been played in my memory. Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. H. H. Vincent delighted the whole house with their rendering of Lady Teazle and Sir Oliver. Mr. William Terriss brought down the house in Sir Harry Bumper's song with *not* "Mary Jane's Top Note," but his own, which rang true and clear. Mr. Comyns Carr made an admirable speech in presenting the hero of the afternoon with a solid gold cigarette-box glittering with diamonds, and Charles Surface replied with elegance, wit, and good taste. The evening was devoted to a Criterion programme, in which David Garrick, Ada Ingots, Charles Wyndham, and Mary Moore were the principal features, and then came a social supper at the new Hôtel Cecil, attended by over a thousand guests, and so to bed at cock-crow mostly dead tired, but delighted with an exciting and memorable day.

The production of a new farce taken from the German or the French is a risky experiment. It is a case of "Heads I win, tails you lose!" I have little doubt that the German "Rabenvater" looked very well on paper and in print. Possibly it read very well, but for all that it acted badly at the Royalty when called "The New Baby." No art in the world could disguise the essentially disagreeable subject, and I fear this particular infant may be said to have been stillborn. Accidents certainly did occur in the course of the evening, but accidents or no accidents, nothing would have given a very long life to this particular farce. Lucky Mr. Arthur Bourchier is well provided with plays, and the next one to be produced is a version by that clever writer, Herman Merivale, of Sardou's brilliant "Divorçons," which has been considerably altered for the English stage, and will be called "The Queen's Proctor." After that we shall doubtless see "Charlotte Corday," by the same gifted author, a character that would seem to suit Miss Violet Vanbrugh now that she has developed a talent for tragedy.

The farce at the Vaudeville had far more luck. It should be called, "Oh, what a Night!" for these are the

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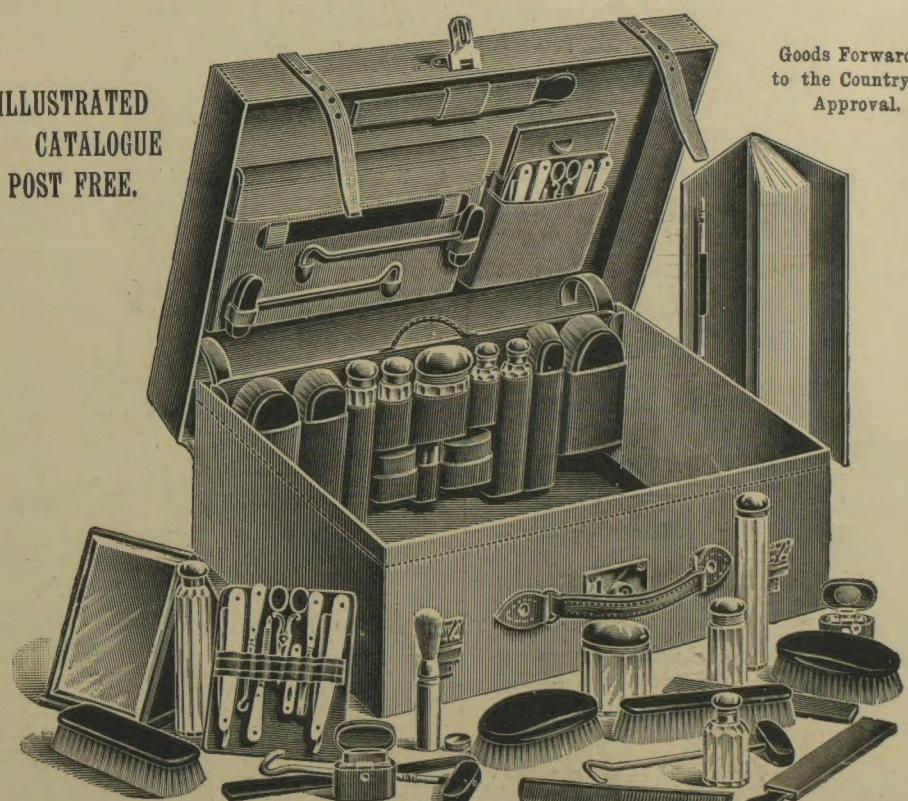
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ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES: { 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (NEXT SIR JOHN BENNETT'S.) & 220, REGENT STREET, W.

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catchwords of the play, and from them may be guessed the kind of fun that is in store for the intending playgoer who loves a good honest laugh. The plot is wild, complicated, and indescribable, but the fun starts with the rise of the curtain, and does not stop till it falls an hour short of midnight. The best feature of the play is that, contrary to custom in French farces, the last act is the best of the three. In nine cases out of ten the last act, by contrast, is deadly dull. Mr. George Giddens, who has been brought up in the Criterion school, is an admirable farce-actor; he is so intense in all he does. He gets a capital chance in the Vaudeville play, and is ably assisted by Mr. Charles Sugden, who astonished everybody. The ladies are all admirable, particularly Miss Pattie Browne, one of the very

best soubrettes on the stage; Miss Fannie Ward, a very pretty girl; and Mrs. Edmund Phelps, an experienced and useful actress. When these farces "catch on" they have a chance of immense runs, and I should not be at all surprised if "A Night Out" prove another "Confusion" at the Vaudeville, which has been charmingly redecorated by the Brothers Gatti, and is now one of the prettiest playhouses in London.

The matinée season has started with a flourish of trumpets. I should not be surprised if the production of Henry Hamilton's "Moths" for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund suggested a revival of the play at the outlying suburban theatres and for a brief tour. The Shaksperian revival at the Haymarket, on which I hope to

comment next week, will be an agreeable change, and a delight to the tens of thousands of playgoers who cannot get out at night, and who thoroughly enjoy these afternoon entertainments, not "trial matinées," mind you, but plays as well considered, rehearsed, and acted as if they were to be put into the evening bill.

The first benefit ever given—may it be followed by many more!—in aid of the Actors' Orphanage scheme will be that organised by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. On this interesting occasion we are to see the handsome Miss Esmé Beringer as Romeo, and her sister, Miss Vera Beringer, as Juliet. Mr. McLeay, the clever young actor at the Lyric, will appear as Mercutio, and that sound and fine actor, Mr. W. H. Vernon, as Friar Lawrence.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from the Victoria and London Bridge Terminus. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available one month. Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between London and Brighton.

EVERY WEEKDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.45 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

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WORTHING.—Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria every Weekday 10.5 a.m., every Sunday 10.45 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car between Victoria and Brighton. Weekdays, 13s. 6d.; Sundays, 13s.

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HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.—Fast Trains every Weekday.

From Victoria 9.30 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.25 p.m.; also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.

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WEEK-END CHEAP RETURN TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Monday by certain Trains only. To Hastings or St. Leonards, 13s., 13s., 9s. To Bexhill or Eastbourne, 16s., 11s. 6d., 8s.

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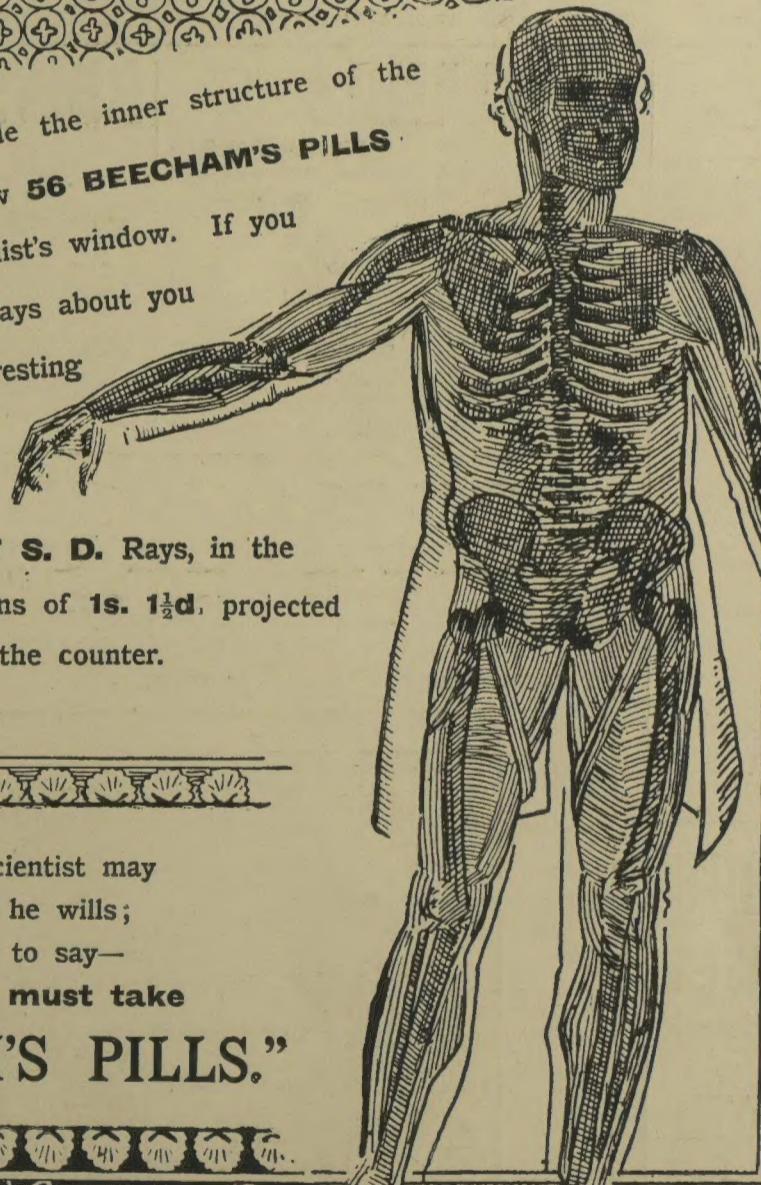
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As X Rays can render visible the inner structure of the human body, so they can show 56 BEECHAM'S PILLS in a sealed box in a Chemist's window. If you happen to have no X Rays about you at the time, this interesting information may be obtained by means of S. D. Rays, in the proportions of 1s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. projected over the counter.



With this marvellous search-light the scientist may
Just explore the inside of a man as he wills;
So we soon shall expect our physicians to say—
"You are rather opaque, and must take

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

THE NESTING TIME.

We are months away from the shooting season still, and so, for many even among shooters, months away from the time when game becomes interesting. For such, that time comes only when the near approach of what is known as "The Glorious Twelfth," or of later opening days, induces them to take out the gun from the case in which it has lain so long silent. But the true sportsman knows that it is these present weeks which must determine the quality of the sport that will follow; and being something of a naturalist too, he takes delight in the nesting season for its own sake. And what a busy time for birds and for keepers is that of nidification! A hundred enemies,

furred and feathered, four-footed and two-footed, are abroad. No weather is without its danger either. If there has been a wild, stormy winter, as last year, the birds are in no state to go forward to the nesting, and keepers may well be in despair; while with a fine mild and dry winter, such as this, when grouse nest high and partridges in exposed places, and all birds early, the frosty snaps and rains and other dangers of the spring are more than ever to be dreaded. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," many a danger between the nesting and the shooting; and if any one period is passed successfully, we must triumph soberly.

Soberly, then, we will rejoice to note how unanimous are the reports concerning the healthy condition of all

game. A winter so mild and dry, and so favourable for the birds, therefore, we have not had for long, and we are led to believe that the rains and the night frosts have not done much harm, and to hope that plenty of the warmth of spring is in store. Inclement spells in the last few weeks will have done good by putting a stop to too early nesting. So far, at any rate, no reports of the dreaded disease reach us from northern moors. That sportsmen expect a good season may be shown by the merry way in which the letting of shootings is going on. Deer-stalking is the popular sport of recent years, and this season there is every reason to believe the deer will be ready early. There has been no want of natural pasture for them, and that means that there will be fine heads among them for the stalker.

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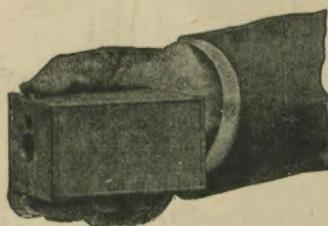
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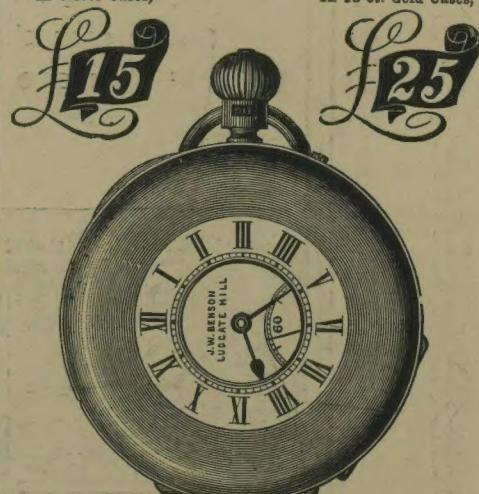
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